

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.—EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

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OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

DEAR READERS OF "THE OLD FAMILIAR" MONTHLY—

MAY the New Year be happy, as, doubtless, the Christmas has been merry! We say doubtless, as by way of surmise, because we knew you not then; and, indeed, our relation with you even now begins. More than once, however, we have discovered, that we have been well known where we have been all-unknowing;—no stranger to them who have been strangers to us. Most authors, however limited their fame, must have experienced this professional peculiarity; and it is, therefore, not without some degree of confidence in the belief that we may be received as an old friend or acquaintance, that we venture into your society—addressing you not too familiarly, yet without diffidence.

The proprietors of this Magazine have already appealed to you in terms so laudatory to our pretensions, and so full of expectation from our efforts, that whatever our *sang froid*, we cannot help feeling the burthen of the responsibility with which we are invested by their good opinion and better promises. It becomes us to assume our new office with modesty, nevertheless with courage, and that resolve which, we are told by a poet admired in our youth, but somewhat too much neglected now-a-days, is the "column of true majesty in man." Noble determinations precede noble actions, as the gorgeous sunset foretells a glorious morrow.

Every deed performed by man has reference to a proposition already conceived and executed in the mind. There has already risen and set a prior state, itself connected with an ever-during intelligence, which is not us, but in us—as the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Nay, we ourselves, as the purposers of excellent designs, are but, as it were, propositions—axioms divinely uttered—echoes of the *one* word—diverse forms of one eternal affirmation. What wonder, then, that our own propositions should be but results—derivations from previous performances—and be related, as well to what goes before as to what comes after? Even so, if, in giving an Example of what a Magazine should be, we seek to erect a standard for this species of literature *in futuró*, we are not without obligations to the specimens in this kind that have preceded.

The original Proposition, or Idea, of a Magazine, was very humble and limited in its scheme and scope. It was an infant desire, not yet cradled ; for it was born without means ; and, in fact, was a premature anticipation of manly vigour scarcely to be expected from such an unripe birth. The publications of this class that we now have differ more from the *Negotiator's Magazine*, and other productions under similar titles, than the man does from the child. Works so denominated, in the beginning, were not even periodical, nor became so, until the eighteenth century, when Cave, the celebrated printer, started the *Gentleman's Magazine* ; which, however, was indebted to Dr. Johnson for its ultimate prosperity. At best but a compilation, with serious "defects in its poetical article," and no less sad deficiencies in all its other departments—mainly supported by "low jests, awkward buffoonery, or the dull scurrility of either party ;"—Dr. Johnson introduced into it learning and argumentation, devoting thereto the best years of his life as a mere literary labourer (says Boswell) "for gain, not glory," and solely to obtain an honest livelihood. To him are due, in a great measure, the parliamentary debates, *jeux d'esprit*, and prefaces, for which, during many lustres, the work was celebrated.

It was, however, principally to the parliamentary reports, the eloquence of debate in which proceeded altogether from Dr. Johnson's own mind, that the success of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was owing ; Cave, meanwhile (poor mechanical dreamer!) flattering himself that it was due to those parts of the work which he conducted, and which were, it seems, merely the abridgment of weekly papers written against the ministry of the day, such as the *Craftsman*, *Fogg's Journal*, *Common Sense*, the *Weekly Miscellany*, the *Westminster Journal*, and others ; besides the marshalling of the pastorals, the elegies and the songs, the epigrams and the rebuses, that were sent him by various correspondents. So blind is the mere tradesman to the merit of the literary ware by which he lives ! He prospers, not because of his skill, but in spite of his mistakes.

Among all the Magazines, however, that have, at different periods, had their day, or, at the present time, continue to flourish, not one appears to have been projected with a higher purpose than that of ephemeral existence. Intended for popular perusal only, their proprietors and editors seem never to have conceived the intention of fitting them for a permanent place in the library of a scholar or a gentleman. Such periodicals as now exist, indeed, are addressed mainly, if not absolutely, to narrow prejudices, prevalent errors, and party feelings. Vain is it to expect from them either faithful criticism, or truly liberal speculation, in the fruitful and ever expanding fields of Philosophy, Politics, or Religion.

We write from a pretty extensive knowledge of the subject, and know of no worse evil under the sun than what the editors of these publications suffer, by reason of the contracted views of proprietors and publishers. What we have above stated of Cave, on the authority of Dr. Johnson himself, is true of his successors to the present day. The ideal of a publisher is a man who is the negation of all principle, and, therefore, indifferent to the opinions pro-

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mulged in the books he deals in, provided they sell. In the course of time, however, he finds himself growing into connexion with the holders of one set, rather than another, and, ultimately, that he has acquired a character for productions of a certain school. Thenceforth he knows, or thinks he knows, "on which side his bread is buttered," and devotes himself to his party or sect. His course is now decided—his conduct regulated within prescribed limits, the narrowest trade notions. Fatal error! the circulation of his Magazine, or Review, at once fixed, is fixed as in a frost, incapable of increase—but not of diminution. A day arrives when the sun shines too warmly for his ice-lake, and the surface becomes again fluid—is again the arena for the swimmer, not the skater.

Thus it is that one periodical has been followed by another. As each attains its climax, it settles into formality; and a mere dead arrangement substitutes the living order of its earlier appearances. But as, in nature, corruption generates and generation corrupts, so, also, in literature, one ephemeral work has only exemplified a way for another; and, taken on the large scale, the race of monthly and quarterly publications has advanced in excellence, both in aim and execution.

It would have been contrary to the dealings of Providence, regarding literature in general, if the course of proceeding adopted had, after all, not been for some worthy and beneficial result. Not only were letters of divine origin, but whatever has flowed from them, and still flows, is of especial sanctity. Periodical writings are of too influential a character with mankind, not to have a "sacred history," were the clue to the labyrinth but *once* possessed.

" All things once are things for ever ;
Soul, once living, lives for ever ;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures for ever ;
Love, once felt, though soon forgot,
Moulds the heart to good for ever ;
Once betrayed from childly faith,
Man is conscious man for ever ;
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on for ever ;
Unless God fill up the heart
With himself for once and ever :
Once made God and man at once,
God and man are one for ever.*

The wandering spirit of periodical literature, therefore, has had its peculiar metempsychoses, and its metamorphoses. It has reflected like a stream-mirror, the moonlike phases of the more permanent and standard specimens of authorship, blended with the current opinion on their merit; the contributors to it being mainly *amateurs*, rather than artists—lovers and readers, rather than the makers of books. What Coleridge has said of the spirit of poetry, may even be pro-

* From the poems of Richard Monckton Milnes, author of "Memorials of a Tour in Greece." In 2 vols. London: Moxon, 1838.

nounced of this humbler spirit of criticism :—They alone are capable of estimating its different incarnations aright, “who have rejoiced in the light of clear perception at beholding with each new birth, with each rare *avatar*, the human race frame to itself a new body by assimilating materials of nourishment out of its new circumstances, and work for itself new organs of power appropriate to the new sphere of its motion and activity.”

Thus it is with books, and, in particular, with periodical and serial books. A Magazine, or Review, shall outlast its first projectors and contributors, vary its publisher and printer, its mode of arrangement and its style of composition—it shall gain new writers and readers, and from time to time fit itself to new conditions, yet, in its old title and name, preserve an apparent identity; nay, though in every point else it has undergone complete alteration. Of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE we would fain be able to add, in the language of Shakspeare,

“ Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into some thing rich and strange.”

Was the old body built in part of “bones”? we, by our so potent magic, would turn them into “coral”;—of “eyes”?—into “pearls.”

Full fathom five, if not many more, in the great deep of the past, lies the corse of the paternal series of which the present number of the Monthly Magazine is the remote issue: there lies the father—number or volume—and with him many of his offspring repose—

“ Sea-nymphs hourly ring their knell,
Hark! now we hear them—ding-dong bell!”

Nothing has happened to them but what chances to all the works composing the class to which they belong. The individual is a type of the species.

The entire body of periodical literature has hitherto presented the chrysalis, as it were, of the Psyche that it involved. We hope to exhibit a higher evolution of the principle contained in it than has yet been ventured. A chasm—a void, remains to be filled up in this department of our literature: we trust in being enabled to occupy it. With a view to the production of a work which, though periodically published, shall partake of a permanent character, while it includes every passing subject of interest or importance, this *New Series* of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE is projected. Some of the most celebrated writers of the day have consented to become contributors. Our pages will successively present, in courses of about three months, censures of the literature of the time, whether foreign or domestic; retrospective reviews and antiquarian repositories; biographical essays; discussions on all subjects interesting the church and the state, or concerning the progress of science and society, philosophy and mind, in every age and country under heaven.

If we have been enabled to conceive this idea with any confidence, and shall be empowered to work it out with any success, it

is due not to us, but to the Disposer of Events, who has so ordained it, that all things have been tending to, and are lapsing in, a New Era of human endeavour. A truth, this, almost universally felt; nay, a matter nearly of actual experience; the daily discourse of newspapers, and the passing subject of public chronicles.

There are three aspects of this approaching period that we are mainly concerned in considering—the Poetical, the Philosophical, and the Political.

POETRY.—It is not necessary for us to revert to a time preceding that in which Cowper flourished. Commencing with this writer, we turn at once our back on Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and his canons of criticism: what he prized as the essentials of poetry have been since deemed the accidents only; and, in many instances, his decisions have been altogether reversed. The style of opinion in Dr. Johnson's day on Cowper may be gathered from the solitary note on the subject in Boswell, by the biographer himself. The doctor had been speaking of the "superfetation of the press in modern times," as prejudicial to good literature, because it obliges us to read so much of what is of inferior value, in order to be in the fashion: "Better works," said Johnson, "are neglected for want of time, because a man will have more gratification of his vanity in conversation, from having read modern books, than from having read the best works of antiquity. But it must be considered," added he, "that we have now more knowledge generally diffused: all our ladies read now, which is a great extension. Modern writers are the moons of literature; they shine with reflected light—with light borrowed from the ancients. Greece appears to me to be the fountain of knowledge; Rome of elegance." Whereupon Allan Ramsay remarked, that he supposed Homer's '*Iliad*' to be a collection of pieces which had been written before the poet's time; and expressed a wish to see a translation of it in poetical prose, like the book of Ruth, or Job. Robertson, the historian, then proposed that Dr. Johnson should undertake the task; to which proposition the doctor replied, "Sir, you would not read it without the pleasure of verse." Which reply Boswell annotates in this fashion:—"This experiment, which Madame Dacier made in vain, has since been tried in our own language, by the editor of *Ossian*; and we must either think very meanly of his abilities, or allow that Dr. Johnson was right. And Mr. Cowper, a man of real genius, *has miserably failed in his blank verse translation.*"

Such a decision as this was to be looked for from a sumph who had just been listening to the praises of Voltaire and Pope, as authors who had more fame in their lifetime than any others ever enjoyed, and who were worthy to be named in the same breath with Virgil and Homer. But compare this decision with that pronounced by our present laureate, who ranks Cowper's version, and rightly, above Pope's. With Dr. Johnson's own assumptions, also, as to Greece and Rome, the poet Coleridge would not have been satisfied—he would have carried the inquiry into the Hebraic period, and beyond. He would have demanded the birth-place on

earth of wisdom; and contended for the unity, in their origin, of poetry and religion, and asserted the claims of inspiration for both. But this was a truth forgotten during the gallican era of English poetry. Forgotten, we say; for previously to such period poetry had always been esteemed as something holy and prophetic, and poets revered as veritable *vates*. Who is it that saith, "Authentic history informs us of no time when poetry was not; and, if the divine art has sometimes sung its own nativity, it is in strains which confess while they glorify ignorance. The sacred annals are silent, and the heathens, by referring the invention of verse to the gods, do but tell us that the mortal inventor was unknown"?—It is a true saying, whoever may have been the utterer.

Ere long, both in this country and in Germany, for the poetic spirit, her true and proper rank was claimed. The literary men of Germany, indeed, dared to esteem themselves members of a perpetual priesthood, appointed to interpret the great Mythos of the universe, and to successively assist in the revelation of that "divine idea," by which it is supported, and of which it is only the manifestation—an imperfect one, indeed, but in every age becoming more and more complete, ever progressing towards an ultimate and glorious developement.

A cycle of poetry, which may be said to have closed with Keats and Shelley in this country, and with Schiller and Göthe in Germany, was thus commenced, in which we may trace a still moving and evolving pomp of

"Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendors and Glooms, and glimmering Incantations,
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes."

What an unthought-of world is opened-up in the poems of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Klopstock, Herder, Wieland, Schiller, Göthe! See, too, what new shapes the same spirit is assuming in the works of Heraud, Taylor, Barrett and Milnes, in whose productions a new cycle of active and meditative poetry is evidently in process of evolution. In all these authors an intense feeling of the divine origin of poetry is manifested, and an antecedency to every positive form endeavoured to be æsthetically attained. The point of unity, certes, has not yet been reached—nevertheless, oracular voices indicative of some approximation to the temple of pure truth are recognisable enough.

Almost nothing of these tendencies has been reflected in the critical journals of the time. The *Quarterlies*, both Whig and Tory, either declared open war against the new school of poetry or barely tolerated it. Thus it was, Wordsworth and Coleridge had plenty of inimical critics, but no advocates. Professor Wilson was heard frequently, as an eccentric individual writing in an odd sort of magazine, lauding the former; but the latter was even

"wounded in the house of his friends." The reading populace were altogether ignorant of the wonders that were doing; and the better informed remained yet in doubt as to the merits of all the poets that we have named. They have had to work their way without the aid, or in spite, of criticism.

PHILOSOPHY.—Much of the above-stated discrepancy between the critical and poetical mind of the age, some will attempt to account for by the variety of individual tastes and minds which at all times prevails. The apology only serves to detect another want—the want, in our schemes of education, of that philosophy, which shall refer such variety to a common unity; and by so doing instruct every man in the principle of harmony common to all, and by the knowledge of which every man may speedily become one with his fellows. We shall, as we well enough know, be at once answered, that there is no hope of this, for the whole field of metaphysical science is a scene of ruin—one pile overthrown for another to be built up—and this, in turn, by another still—and the latest built not standing whole, but undergoing demolition, to make room for a new erection yet in the brain of some new projector. We concede to the whole shewing. It is true of all the sciences, not of the metaphysic alone. The sciences, whether physical, metaphysical, moral, or divine, are only branches of history; and history is evermore an imperfect record, symbolically representing, by fitting portions, an aggregate of particulars without arrangement, save such as the historian may have sufficient skill to make. Not only has he to reduce an unascertainable mass of materials to order, but he has to conjecture the unity of which the whole, if he could get it, would be but a representative growth. Grant him the whole of the past, must he not wait until the time of the end, before the ways of God to men can be thoroughly justified in the apprehension of the creature, and be susceptible of historical vindication? Most assuredly. But what said we? Grant him the whole of the past? Impossible! Can he be sure that he has got the whole of the documents, or the whole of the documents the whole of the particulars? We know to the contrary. The historian can only see in part, can only understand in part. And in regard to nature, is the scientific historian any more or better than an historical sciolist? He can only speak and write of what he sees. If experience and experiment are to be his guides, he ought to take nothing on the authority of another. To what narrow limits is he then confined! The large domain of the past previous to his birth, and for some time after, is a blank to him;—all but a small portion of space beyond his contemplation. Small the whole extent of his experience—extremely limited the amount of his experimenting! And the knowledge obtained—what is it? Death—decomposition—analysis. The seat of life may not be profanely approached; the enshrined power eludes the last investigation of the man of physical science. It is the same with the metaphysical enquirer. Certain phenomena lead him to certain "ultimate facts," as they are called by professor Dugald Stewart,

of the human mind; and there his analysis ends. A great gulf is fixed between such facts and the laws of which they are expressions; nor is the way bridged over, neither can be, from this side of the wide intermediate fosse. On the other, indeed, a castle well fortified is already erected, evidently too with a draw-bridge, whereof the owners may let it down whenever they are so disposed, and make incursions into the land of experience at their pleasure. And to the shore of this gulf is brought the historian of all kinds, whether his subject be the passivities of nature, the activities of man, the progression of society, or the dispensations of Providence—hither he must come, and send over that ample deep a loud voice, demanding of the echoes that but repeat his question, what the System is, of which he has conceived the Idea?—what the Order, of which he acknowledges the Principle?—what the Purpose, of which he apprehends the Law?

Something then above or beyond science is required—a want which the scientific man feels as an instinct, but has not yet expressly assumed as a postulate. Evermore, however, glimpses of majestic truth come to him, that the subjects of his enquiry are processes toward one grand developement of this extra something, so lofty—so distant! All kinds of historical research, into nature—into man—into institutions—into nations—all are portions of a philosophy not yet reduced into its elements—not yet worked out: yet evermore operating and being exhibited in partial solutions.

It would be easy to show that the metaphysical enigmas with which the sphynx-adoring world has been puzzled or amused, are historical evolutions of the *one* philosophy which, in all ages and countries of the world, has been the same spirit, everywhere acknowledged, and animating the theorists of all denominations and complexions. The conviction of this truth has received, from time to time, illustration in the works of the noblest minds, both in this country and on the continent. Kant, Fichte, Schelling, the Schlegels, Herder, Lessing, Schiller, Göthe; De Stael, Chateaubriand, Cousins; Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Anster, Carlyle, and others, including the present Editor of this Magazine, have alike testified to the prevalence of this conviction, and illustrated it in their productions. The late Samuel Taylor Coleridge dedicated his life to the evolution of Catholic religion, as the formal enunciation of the one philosophy, or, more strictly speaking, of that Wisdom who, being before the hills, has nevertheless “her delights among the sens of men.” If we use the word *Philosopher*, rather than *Sophist*, it is in condescension to the prejudice which has condemned the latter phrase to contemptuous uses. Men, not wise, had made a lucrative profession of gravely seeming so, until the truly wise, as in the instance of Pythagoras, thought fit to decline the title in favour of one more modest. But the new term has been since as much abused; and it is not without a sneer, more or less intensified, that men predicate of a fellow-man the philosophic character. Who would, in these days, presume so much as to name another a *wise man*? The notion is preposterous! And yet—and yet—hear, O ye Heavens! and give ear, O thou Earth!—the

Man of Wisdom is even he for whom the Heavens enquire, and the Earth travails!

With the prejudices that militate against the high tone of sentiment in which we have just indulged, the class of minds we have enumerated have fought, and not in vain. How little they have been aided by periodical criticism, the destiny of Coleridge sufficiently illustrates. He lived to prove the truth of the feeling under which Shelley writhed only too intensely. Both were made to feel that in and to, and for, this world, Genius is a splendid error—at best a dazzling indiscretion—and entirely out of place on the surface of a material planet, among beings solicitous only for their physical interests. But nevertheless it still lives—on Hope; it feeds on Faith, and the essence and spirit of its being is Love;—faculties these which leave their possessor starving and naked here, and even then have freest exercise when he, to outward seeming, is most destitute of all who perish beneath the sun. It was well for Shelley that he had a fortune. His poetry was eminently unsuccessful. Had not Providence supplied his wants from other sources, he must have been a beggar—perhaps a maniac. Verily, a fearful gift is the gift of song. Justly might it be said of the prophet—“And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument,” and no more. The language of the Muses is a foreign tongue;—the poet in the world is like Ruth when, in the field of Boaz, “she stood alone amid the *alien* corn.”*

Shelley was a victim to the want of philosophic completeness in his own person, as well as to the utter want of the philosophic spirit in the critical productions of the time. Coleridge, however,

* As an illustration of the change in opinion current with the rising intellect of the age, we may refer to the following sonnet addressed to Shelley, from a just published volume of poems now lying before us—“The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems. By Henry Longueville Mansell.”

Systems shall pass and perish. Visioned dreams
May moulder in oblivion; but Decay
Shall, like defeated spoiler, haste away,
In disappointed malice, from the names
Of such as thou, the master-spirits, whose eyes,
Like the sun-gazing eagle's, dared to soar
Above the clouds of custom, and explore
Unfathomed mysteries. Misbelief may rise
As thy accuser; but each virtuous deed
That gilds thy life, an advocate shall be—
These with united tongues, thy cause shall plead,
And be successful. Bigot Calumny,
As the burst withs beneath the Danite's might,
Shall fade before thy memory's stainless light.

For a philosophical analysis of Shelley's mind, the reader is respectfully referred to an article of our own on Shelley's poetry in the last June number of FRASER'S MAGAZINE. Beside the defences of Coleridge from the same pen in that periodical, there are two articles in the third number of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW, treating of the works both of Roger Bacon and of Coleridge, in which we have expressed opinions concerning *a priori* and *a posteriori* science that we are desirous of avowing.

was accomplished at all points—the poetic and the sophistic; and the deficient appreciation of his productions by the public, was altogether due to the neglect of the reviewers. O they were blind, passing all ordinary blindness, to the utterances of pure truth in whatever shape. It is amusing to read their late recantations—those of the *Edinburgh*, in relation to Kant and Wordsworth—those of the *Quarterly*, in reference to Shelley, and Hazlitt, and Coleridge; and that of nearly all Magazines in connexion with Southey.* More amusing is it to remark the confusion of some old readers of all these works; they are utterly perplexed. The decisions on which they once built their literary faith, are, like the equally unalterable decrees of the Medes and Persians, with the things that were. Time has pronounced upon them—they are failures. However well they may have prospered in the market of their time, those critical journals, in the moral world, are failures. The volumes that remain are ruins, the spaces in libraries they occupy show as Cities of the Dead, where grinning Idiocy sits, like a gibbering ape, horribly mocking amidst dishonoured columns and desecrated types—once superstitiously idolised—now religiously abhorred.

POLITICS.—The present condition of Politics is a result of the mal-influences above deplored. Under this head, we beg to include both Church and State. Every thing with both is now, and has been, in antagonism; and all along of the deleterious authority exercised by periodical literature abandoned of every principle. The progress of our great literature, from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present, has been to the general and abstract; the tendency of critical works to the petty and the sectarian. What mattered it that a venerable Hooker had, even at the dawn of the reformation, risen to the prophetic idea of Law as identified with the Divine Being himself; and that an eloquent Coleridge, in their own days, had shown its evolution in two infinite forces, for ever tending in opposite directions, but, nevertheless, stayed and supported in a common medium by the impartial attraction of a common centre? Not a single public critic thought it worth his while to suggest the point of mediation, but found, or sought, his profit, in championing one or other of the antagonist principles, cheering on the mob in the madness of their expectation, that one ever could subdue the other, as if, of two eternal powers, one could be destroyed. Absurd and asinine assumption!—not, however, confined to the monster multitude, but partaken by the leaders of popular opinion! Witness reviews, magazines, newspapers, all, without exception, devoted to a party, to one of the poles in this great contest, and none giving the slightest hint of a prior Unit, or Whole, the perception whereof solves all difficulties, and reconciles all anomalies. If the conductors of such works knew not of this antecedency to all ecclesiastical and political manifestations whatever, they were unfit for

* These remarks are as honourable to the present editors of such works, as they are criminatory of their predecessors.

the office that they assumed ; if they knew of it, they were the veriest knaves that ever received the wages of the hireling. And look at the lamentable effects of such villany or ignorance ! The members of society yet striving together, as if they had really separate interests, instead of only apparent ones, notwithstanding the publication of treatises demonstrating the contrary, as it were, with the finger of light itself. These treatises have been crushed by the neglect of reviewers—so that the light hath shined in a darkness that comprehended it not. And those to whom it had come, preferred the darkness before the light, because their deeds, their words, their very thoughts were evil.

The extent to which the partizanship spirit of periodical publication has been lately carried, exceeds all example. We have now not only two or three Reviews, but nine or ten ; it may be more : Magazines still more numerous ; and weekly publications out of number—one advocating one sect or party, another, another ; one patronising the Church of England, another the Church of Rome : one, one sect, and another, another : but none, except this new series of the *Monthly Magazine*, devoted to truth as it is in itself, without favour or affection—working for God and Man, and not for individuals or cliques, falsely solicitous concerning mistaken interests. A great want, accordingly, has arisen, which we desiderate to supply. In a conflict so complicated, an Umpire is, indeed, demanded to decide between all parties—an impartial Arbitrator, who shall assume the vicarage of justice, and fulfil the duties of the station. God grant that neither we nor the time may be altogether unfitted for the needful task and its uncorrupt performance !

To conclude, however, an address, become somewhat intricate and laborious. A ready answer, we know, will be given to our argument, on the ground of the difference between Taste and Genius. Taste, we shall be told, is but the mirror of Genius, and presumes its prior existence. Homer was before Longinus. Poetry preceded criticism. What wonder, therefore, that the critics should be behind the great writers of the nineteenth century ? We concede all this at once and for ever. But the objection involves not the assumption that the critic's taste shall not be on a par with a writer's genius. It is enough that a book shall be published to-day, and that the review shall appear to-morrow. A critic well instructed in the principles of his art, need fall into no error—the posteriority is one in time only, and not in mind. And what is Taste ?—at least a sympathy with Genius—more, in reality ;—even a certain amount of Genius—a manifestation, in fact, a demonstration of a nature universally partaken, by the assertion of a common right to appreciate its productions. This was sometime a paradox, which is now a mere common-place.

And how does this Sympathy shew itself ? By an Appreciation of Excellence. The detection of defects, save by contrast, is no part of its business ; where it perceives no significance, it will, as it ought, say nothing. It will shew reverence to every work of a man of genius.

Did Milton entertain a high opinion of his *Paradise Regained*?—it will not contradict him, but piously seek the reasons for his preference. Did Göthe value the *second* part of his *Faust*?—it will proceed to the investigation of the work with respect. In regard to the latter production, critics, both in Germany and in England, have been greatly in fault. Elaborate essays have been compiled to lead to the elaborate conclusion, that the critic had discovered no meaning in the poem. We know, however, that those who have investigated this production with care, feel that it possesses epic proprieties, and still more wonderful attributes, not to be profanely treated. That these points may be settled to the satisfaction of the English reader, we have caused a prose literal version of it to be made, of which a portion will appear in each number of this magazine until the whole is completed; and on which, as a faithful translation, implicit reliance may be placed. The Second Part of Göthe's *FAUST*, for the Monthly Magazine, will be rendered into English by Mr. Leopold John Bernays, a translator whose happy position precludes the possibility of erroneous interpretation. At some future opportunity we shall give two or three papers from our own pen on the whole of Göthe's works, with some criticisms on the *Faust* in particular.

Such are the services, then, which we purpose to render the British reader in the pages of the Monthly Magazine. Confident of the rectitude of our intentions, and proud of the nobility of our cause, we shall proceed fearlessly, and, we are sure, prosperously. For it is not according to the eternal order, that the soldier of truth should go to war at his own charges. Meantime, we repeat, a new æra has dawned on mankind. The genius of nations has commenced a new series of operations. All nations and peoples, all sects and parties, believers and infidels—all are now looking, as once before during the commonwealth, for a millennium, political or religious. A poetic instinct of humanity, this, which more than any, perhaps, requires regulation, and should be specially regarded by the public instructor. The first and second childhood of the world, as we have elsewhere remarked, are the poetical periods of imagination, "glorious with exhalations of the dawn," or radiant with the hues of sunset. Needful it is, however, that we should know, that those ideal æras are not to be fully actualised in the prose realities of mortal life; nor in attempting to reduce them to such levels can we retain the "fine touches" which in their native element set them off so winningly. More needful will this caution seem to us, when become aware of the fact, that all enthusiasts are of poetic temperament, being, if not writers, actors of poems; no less than that all poets are enthusiasts—*Vates* heaven-inspired; and that there is a tendency in all such to actualise in forms of flesh and blood these visionary anticipations, oblivious of the pregnant precept, that "flesh and blood itself cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Such mistakes have been made by great divines—men of fervid eloquence; nay, have been adopted by persons of sober understanding, and the plodding matter-of-fact professor. Mistakes these, however, which may be forgiven to a Shelley, an Irving, or a Fourier; or more than forgiven, being, as

they are, glorious faults which true critics would not mend nor have mended. If they offend, they likewise transcend. It is, however, only as abstractions that they err; but admirably, for the flight they soar is lofty. What seek they but to deliver man from the body of this death? With Promethean audacity, he rises up in rebellion against the tyranny of Nature. If he recognises in the laws by which she is governed a spiritual influence, this discovery only increases his resentment;—alas! not always acknowledging that, unless with the concurrence of his own, there is no other will capable of prevailing against its inherent liberty. Not until itself enslaved by sin, it recognises the (then needful) antagonism of nature's evil. But amidst it all, Hope, the last ingredient of Pandora's box, "springs eternal in the human breast," and he feels the day of deliverance at hand, in the ever present power of deliverance that is consciously enshrined (the yet unfallen image of God) in the adyta of the soul! It was this, perhaps, which Shelley understood by the sudden radiance that, in his *Prometheus Unbound*, invests the form of Asia, and gives occasion for the most beautiful of sentiments, and the exquisite lyrics that follow it:—

Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
It makes the reptile equal to the God:
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still, after long sufferings,
As I shall soon become.

Panthea. List! Spirits speak.

Voices in the air, singing.

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.
Child of Light! thy lips are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them;
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
Fair are others; none beholds thee,
But thy voice sounds low and tender,
Like the fairest; for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour,
And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever!
Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

Asia. My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside the helm conducting it,
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, for ever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses, .
 A Paradise of wildernesses !
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.
 Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
 In music's most serene dominions,
 Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven ;
 And we sail on, away, afar,
 Without a course, without a star,
 But by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
 Till through Elysian garden islets
 By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
 Where never mortal pinnace glided,
 The boat of my desire is guided ;
 Realms where the air we breathe is love,
 Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
 Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.
 We have pass'd Age's icy caves,
 And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
 And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
 Beyond the glassy gulphs we flee
 Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
 Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day ;
 A paradise of vaulted bowers,
 Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
 And watery paths that wind between
 Wildernesses calm and green,
 Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
 And rest having beheld—somewhat like thee,
 Which walk upon the sea, and chaunt melodiously."

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.*

SECOND SERIES.

"WHERE in all conscience have you been so long ?" said one of my lady visitors to me the other day, at my pleasant house in Kensington. " I have called here more than once, and found you had *let* this pretty domicile of your's; but where you were gone I could not learn. What have you been doing, Mrs. Griffiths?"

" You may well enquire," I answered, smiling ; " but I can scarcely

* The *first series* of these remarkable tales appeared, some twelve months since, in *Fraser's Magazine*, where they acquired great popularity. The publication of the second series in this Magazine is due to the personal friendship of the talented author for its present editor.—J. A. H.

believe it myself. I have actually crossed *the Atlantic* to visit our cousin Jonathan; but more especially, the son of General Harcourt. You remember the story I told you, many months ago, concerning him. I consider him almost as my own. He has been alarmingly ill; and I thought I might render the dear young gentleman some service: so off I set, without informing any one; and have left my young friend quite recovered, and returned home in the *Great Western* as blithe as a lark."

"So that is the reason that we have had no more of your amusing tales;" said Lady P——, "but now you *are* returned, I trust you mean to resume them."

"I have not got half way through my note-book yet," said I; "but I have transcribed one memorandum on my passage home; I think it good, and mean to send it to the Printer's immediately. There it is; entitled

Isabel Deane.

THE lady of the Rev. Francis Talbot called one morning at my house in Kensington, when the following short dialogue passed between us. It happened some years ago.

"I much fear, Mrs. Griffiths, that I must dispense with your kind attentions to me *this time*," said this lady; "which I assure you I am very sorry for: but I am going with Mr. Talbot and my little Fanny to stay all the remainder of the summer at Southampton; for my father has given us an invitation: and as Mr. Talbot has at present no clerical duty, we mean to avail ourselves of it, the more especially as we are not over rich, as you know, and a confinement is rather an expensive matter."

"What is your difficulty, Madam?" replied I: "respecting myself? I have no objection, if we can make clear arrangements, of attending you, since you so strongly wish it, even at the distance of Southampton."

"You are a kind, good creature, I am sure," returned the lady: "but I was apprehensive that such a step would have completely *thrown you out* in your plans, and been attended with much sacrifice and expense. *If I were richer than I am, indeed—*"

"Never mind that, Madam; I am not of a very covetous disposition," I answered. "I should like to see Southampton again, and have a little change of air into the bargain: so I will pay my own expenses down and up, if you cannot well afford it, and attend you on the same terms as formerly."

"O no! my Francis would not allow that, I am sure," said the lady. "Suppose we say that I will frank you *down* there, and if you like to take your chance about coming back, or will cram in with Mr. Talbot, Fanny and me, the baby and the nursemaid, in a post-chaise, why I shall hold you engaged to come to me in August: you had better make it the *beginning* of the month. We will send Sir William's carriage to meet you at the inn where the coach stops (for my father lives a little out of the town), and I shall expect you by the 6th of August at the latest:—yes, we will say, if you please, the 6th."

"You may depend, Madam, on my punctuality: I will be with you

on that day;" and Mrs. Talbot arose to take her leave: but, seating herself again, thus resumed:—

"I must not forget to tell you, that my father, Sir William Ogilvie, is somewhat of an oddity; you must not mind if he should speak a little roughly and gruffly at first: you will soon be accustomed to his manner. He is very fond of his magisterial duties; and speaks as if he were ever *on the bench*, and suspected all about him of being rogues and vagabonds."

I laughed at this, and asked, "If there would be any danger of his committing *me* to the House of Correction as a vagrant?"

"No," said his daughter; "but he considers all *nurses* and *nursing-businesses*, I believe, as dreadful *nuisances*; so perhaps he may be able to get at and punish you that way: but, at any rate, come and see. If he should ship us all over to Van Diemen's Land, we will take some of his fine old Madeira with us, and cattle enough to stock us a farm there when we get to that colony."

"How did your *mother* manage with him when her *nursing concerns* were about?" I enquired. "I believe she has had a large family."

"Too many, I assure you, Mrs. Griffiths," replied the lady; "and those young unmarried girls, my sisters, contrive to get all his ready cash from him; he very seldom thinks of us poor married ones. You will soon see the sad misrule of the house, and how his younger children turn and twist him about which ever way they like; but I am to meet Mr. Talbot here in the Gardens, and he will be quite impatient. Good morning; I shall depend upon you;" and she stepped into a one-horse vehicle she had hired for the occasion, known by the name of "*a fly*," and departed.

My trusty Bridget was soon informed of my engagement; and I made what arrangements I thought necessary, not forgetting the usual purchase of a little good millinery at my namesake's (at least, the same as my assumed one), Griffiths, in the Quadrant; and after calling and taking leave of several of my friends, amongst whom the Merediths and the Lascelles were not forgotten, I took my place in the coach, packed up my wardrobe, and departed in high health and spirits in "*The Regulus*," then the favorite vehicle on that road.

So at Southampton I duly arrived, and found the carriage of Sir William Ogilvie, and two of his younger daughters in it, waiting my arrival near the Portland Hotel (*above-bar* as they call it), ready to convey me to his residence, a beautiful stone-built house, not far from the celebrated ruins of Netley Abbey. The two young ladies, Miss Ogilvie and Miss Caroline Ogilvie, told me, on our ride home, that they had not yet quite finished their education at Bath, but they hoped in another year, with the assistance of masters when they left school, that this important business would be over. All the way home they were full of the project, I found, of trying to coax their papa to let them invite for the present vacation, which commenced in August, their favorite school-fellow, *Isabel Deane*, a young Indian girl, who they said would otherwise be mewed up in the old school-room at Bath, all that time, with no companions but Mrs. P——, their precise old governess, and her pet poodle.

"How dreadful it must have been for her," said Miss Ogilvie, "to

see us all go away, one after another, and no kind relative or friend to come for her! I promised her I would ask papa to invite her, poor dear! but he looks *so glum*, I have not had the courage yet to do it, especially as—" and she hesitated and stopped.

"He is, I fear, going to have another fit of the gout; he seems so irritable," interrupted the younger lady of the two, "and now my sister Talbot is here, and her husband, and little Fanny, and this expected *nursing business* to boot, I fear he will never consent to poor Isabel's coming."

"I will try that, however, to-morrow, I am determined," said the elder sister. "What room will poor Isabel take up? She can have half my bed, or the little green room close to your's—she *shall* come. What right have *married sisters* to come down and make a *hospital* of papa's house?"

"Hush, Matty, for heaven's sake!" interrupted the more prudent Caroline, glancing at me, "I am sure we are most happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Talbot at all times: *he* is an especial favorite of mine; he writes such pretty poetry, only a little too serious; and he rides out with us, *and all that*; and as for little Fanny, she is absolutely *a darling*."

"They are all very well," cried the pertinacious Miss Ogilvie, "but I love Isabel Deane better than the whole set of them." There was another admonitory hint from Miss Caroline; and then there was a long silence, but which was at length broken by the elder one saying, as she fixed her eyes on Netley Abbey, now full in our sight,—“O how Isabel Deane would enjoy to sketch yonder ruin! and then what delicious verses she would make on it; and on our Trissanton-bay; and our pretty Woodmills; and our river Itchen, and—she *shall* positively come, Carry, and there's an end of it! Hetty always had some young friend or other staying with her, and so had Jane and Fanny, and so will we." With this firm resolve, supported by an approving nod on the part of the more cautious younger sister, we drove up to "The Plantations," as the seat of Sir William Ogilvie was called.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and their little girl ("one of my own children," as I usually called those I had first clothed and fed), were at the large white entrance gate ready to receive us. The child petitioned for a ride, and was put in at the window to me by her father, when I proceeded on to the house in the carriage, being both tired and hungry; besides, I wanted to put my dress into proper trim after so long a journey, before I chose to be seen by the master of the house, or any of the company that might be staying there. The two young ladies chose also to be driven up to the hall door with me, and there we all got out. I could not help smiling to hear how very *soon* the young Miss Ogilvie began her tactics with her papa, who peeped out of his library door on hearing the carriage stop. I was attending to my luggage, and playing with little Fanny, so heard every word.

"My dear papa, you know how fond I am of sketching! and the scenery is *so* beautiful all around this place! If *Isabel Deane* were but here, she could teach us how to take such lovely views; could not she, Caroline?"

"O certainly!" said the younger sister, "Nobody sketches so well as Isabel Deane."

"Then she tells such delightful stories; all about the Hindoos, and the Rajahs, and the taming of elephants, and the hunting of tigers, and playing on calaphons over calabashes. Do, dear papa, let us have Isabel Deane down with us to spend the holidays."

"We have enough people here without Isabel Deane, I think," muttered out the baronet, with no very gracious tone of voice, as he just condescended to nod at me as I passed through the hall; but the young ladies did not give up the point, for I heard them still sounding the praises of "*Isabel Deane*" as I ascended the stairs; and I found out the next day, that by dint of entreaties, remonstrances, arguments, and persuasions, with the addition of a little sullenness, a few tears, and a good many kisses, they had prevailed—Isabel Deane was invited to spend six weeks at "The Plantations," and a female servant was soon dispatched to Bath, to take the charge of the young lady down. All this I heard from Mrs. Talbot, who assured me, "she was perfectly *disgusted* to see how her poor papa was *managed* by *those girls*. She never had gained such an ascendancy over him. Poor dear gentleman, they would racket him to death now! There would be *three* of them, instead of two, and at such a time too, when the house ought to be kept so quiet! She wished her elder sister, Mrs. Woolcot, would come down and set it all to rights; for as she had married *so well*, and had such a fine establishment, what *she* said would be attended to: but for myself," added she confidentially, "my best way will be to avoid all interference—all altercation; indeed, Francis insists upon it that I should not meddle with my younger sisters; he never does so, and that makes him such a favorite with them. Great flirting things as they are! they are always wanting him to ride with them, and walk with them, and write verses for their albums; it is very disagreeable, I assure you, Mrs. Griffiths; I cannot get Francis an hour to myself when they are at home; and when I am confined it will be still worse I fear. How I do detest great romping girls! Only look, Mrs. Griffiths! there they are now, running after butterflies with Mr. Talbot on the lawn: I shall go down and remonstrate with him on his folly—a *clergyman* too!" And away she went and carried off her Francis to another part of the grounds, no doubt giving him a conjugal lecture by the way.

Let me here give a slight sketch of the master of the house, Sir William Ogilvie, who is the undoubted hero of this tale: although already a grandpapa, and also accused by his youngest daughter of having an occasional fit of the gout, and a consequent irritability of temper during the *breeding time*, as they call it, of that patrician disorder.

Sir William Ogilvie was what the ladies would call, "*a very handsome man*," but a philosopher, perhaps, a mere *animal*, though a very fine one of its kind. He was tall and well-proportioned; had florid, regular, handsome features, and carried himself erect as a life-guardsman; he was cold and stately in his manners; not easily moved to laughter; and piqued himself on being the best county magistrate on the bench. He had even published a pamphlet enquiring into the charges on county-rates in England and Wales, and had given his evidence respecting his own county before a Select Committee of the House of Lords with great clearness and *éclat*; for which the county gentlemen had subscribed

and given him a service of plate. He was now employed in writing another pamphlet, hoping to revise the present game-laws; as he considered it a disgrace to the aristocracy that a hare, pheasant, or partridge, could be purchased openly at a poulterer's shop. He was never familiar to his children, but was nevertheless a very kind father, and very accessible on the score of a little wheedling and fondling, which his two youngest daughters had lately found out, and used the spell as often as it suited them, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Talbot, who declared, "She never in her life presumed to cajole papa as *those girls* now did, and she wondered he could endure it; but they knew what they were about, that was clear; and for that matter, she should give her own little Fanny a lesson or two in the same art, and see if *she* could coax her grandpapa out of a grand piano, as the dear little thing would soon have to begin music." To accomplish this laudable design, the poor child was taught to sing "Little Bo-peep," and "The Life and Death of Poor Cock Robin," and instructed how to clamber up Sir William's knees, lisp out her little artifice, telling him, "She would sing, dear *great papa*, a great many more pretty songs, if *little papa* would buy her a nice new pi—, pi—," she could not remember the word, but her mama prompted her, and at the same time affected to check her being so troublesome. The artifice succeeded: Sir William promised that if she would learn to sing "Chevy Chase" and "Rule Britannia," she should have one of Wornham's best instruments, with a picciola besides; and so that affair was settled. Thus are children first instructed!

There was a little room adjoining the one in which Sir William sat occasionally as magistrate, divided from it only by a glass-door and a green curtain. Into this small study, full of law-books, &c., Mrs. Talbot sometimes invited me to sit and amuse ourselves with hearing some of the strange cases that were brought before her father. I observed he was always unusually severe at any infringement of the laws for the protection of game on his own manor, and very lenient to those poor young women, who were sometimes brought before him for having dared to be too kind to their lovers, and whose blushing countenances and other indications proved, that they were likely to increase the burden of the poor-rates. One of the latter cases come before him a few days previous to Mrs. Talbot's seclusion, and I thought it worthy of a place in my note-book.

An unusual bustle appeared in the house, as the offending party was most reluctantly brought before Sir William; all the maid-servants were whispering together in groups; and, on our entering the little study (Mrs. Talbot and myself), we found it pre-occupied by Wilmot the butler, and Thomas the footman, who hurried from the room on seeing us, in evident confusion, making some sort of stammering apology for the liberty they had taken.

"What a very pretty girl she is!" said Mrs. Talbot to me, as we peeped under a corner of the green-curtain into the adjoining room; "what a pity to see her in that state! She is ready to sink with shame; but hush, let us hear what papa says."

"So, young woman," exclaimed the magistrate, but his voice was neither stern, nor unfeeling; "so, you have brought yourself to a pretty pass, when too, with that *tolerable-looking* face of yours, you might have

done so much better for yourself. Have you not been a little fool now, to say the best of it? You have brought your merchandise to a sad market! Who is the *rascal* that has deceived you, Peggy Hawkins?"

There was no answer from that agitated bosom but sighs and sobs—her face was deluged with tears; although both her hands sought to cover her features, the large drops trickled between the fingers. Sir William moved about upon his chair, and seemed at a loss how to proceed; the officer, or beadle, who had her in custody, took upon himself to instruct him.

"The impudent young baggage will not answer a word, your honour; perhaps a little *solitary confinement* may teach her how to find her tongue. Shall I lead her away, Sir William?"

"Do you mean to teach me my duty, sirrah?" replied the magistrate sternly. "Do you not perceive that the poor girl is choking? Pour out a glass of wine, Sudbury," continued he to his clerk, "and give it to her; and hand her a chair: although she has been so imprudent, yet I suppose she is not the first, and will not be the last, to act thus: still she feels like a woman. There, sit down, Peggy Hawkins, and tell me all about it. Why, child, you are not the first who have sinned this way. It is as old a fault as mother Eve's. I repeat the question; Who is the rascal who has deceived you? This new Act falls hard upon the woman!"

"I dare not tell your worship," at length, in a low tone, came from the quivering lips of the poor culprit. "*He has* injured me; but I cannot, indeed I cannot, speak the word might do him wrong."

"More fool you for your pains!" shouted Sir William; but there was no anger in the tone of his voice. "By my soul, you are too good for him, whoever he may be." Then, turning to the beadle, he enquired if he had any suspicion of the girl's seducer? The clerk and the officer exchanged looks; and there was a dead pause.

"Was I understood, thou man of mean office?" again inquired Sir William; but *now* anger flashed in his eye, and could not be mistaken in the tone of his voice.

"I think I have a notion," responded the man, grinning openly at the clerk, who continued writing most incontinently, afraid to hold up his head to incur the magistrate's displeasure.

"Leave off your horrible faces, and begin," exclaimed Sir William, rising, and striking his hand upon the table; the young girl dropped upon her knees, and the beadle left off his facetiousness. "How should Master Hinxman know any thing of me, or my wretchedness, your honour?" murmured out poor Peggy. "What he can tell you is not worth your honour's hearing; so do not make him say what he will have to answer for at the judgment;—he only suspects, because—"

"*Suspect*, indeed!" interrupted the man with the gold hat. "Why, that beats every thing I've heard. Was it for nothing his worship's fine dressed-up *butler* came every evening to your mother's paltry cottage, and brought you cakes and sweetmeats, and all kinds of trumpery? *Suspect*, indeed! Have I not had my eye upon you, Peggy Hawkins, for this many a month, and told you what it would come to? warned you enough? Might you not have been an honest man's wife, instead of—"

"Is this true?" demanded Sir William, kindling into rage. "I will sift this matter to the bottom. Here, send me that fellow, Wilmot, instantly, with his simpering looks and fine silk stockings. I'll teach him—So, Sir! you have been amusing yourself, I find, in tampering with the innocence of young country girls—my tenants! Look at that simple-hearted creature, and blush at the misery you have occasioned!"

"*I have not spoken a word,*" sobbed Peggy; "it is all through the spite and jealousy of Master Hinxman, there. Please your worship, do not mind him; he knows nothing."

Sir William heeded her not, but, drawing up himself to his full height, and bending his brows as he spoke, thus did he address the dandified butler, who stood playing with his watch-chain, shifting from one foot to another, and assuming a composure that he did not feel; trying to look calm, but quivering with emotion.

"How long have you lived in my family, Wilmot?" enquired the baronet in no gentle tone.

"About four years, Sir William; and I have served you faithfully—you know I have."

"Are you contented with your master and your place?"

"O Sir William, how can you ask me that question?" enquired the butler; "a better master never lived."

"I trust *your next* one will be as good a one; for, unless your banns are put up next Sunday with this injured girl, who is worth a dozen of such heartless profligates as you, you are at liberty to seek such master this very moment. My house shall never shelter the man who betrays and forsakes the heart that trusted him."

"And what, Sir William, if I consent to marry the girl?" enquired the butler, sidling towards Peggy.

"Why, that you may continue in your service, and she—let me see; what can I do for her? Can you wash and iron well?"

"That she can, Sir William," interposed the beadle, who seemed now much affected; "and she is as pretty a housewife as ever I saw."

"Then she shall live at the 'Fallows' farm-house; and I will have it fitted up for a laundry; and you, Wilmot, can sleep there with your wife: is the thing settled? For I have another case waiting, and can spare no time."

"God bless and preserve your honourable worship!" exclaimed poor Peggy, as she hid her blushing and really pretty face on the shoulder of the butler, who repulsed her not: and, in three weeks or so, they were married. Peggy's mother came to take care of her during her confinement at the 'Fallows,' and the 'Monthly Nurse' did not disdain to give some assistance on the occasion. Still greater honour awaited her. Isabel Deane, the young Indian girl before named, my heroine, insisted on being godmother to the infant; and, as kindness is always infectious, Miss Ogilvie followed her example, which seemed to afford great satisfaction to the crest-fallen Wilmot, who then heard the daily praises of his wife and child, and began to be proud of them both.

"And what was this Isabel Deane like, of whom you have said so much?" cries the reader. "I suppose you intend, in your usual way, Madam, to give us a portrait of her?"

Be kind enough first to dip my pencil in the magic fountain above

the clouds, gentle reader, from whence the many-coloured dew-drops get their sparkling hues, ever varying according to the position from which they are beheld—now green, now crimson, now orange, now a simple drop of water, now all the prismatic colours together in a blaze. This young and extremely diminutive girl, never appeared the same two minutes together, yet was she charming under every change; she had not the slightest shade of affectation, but seemed guided only by those instincts, or impulses, that were constantly at work within her. Now playful as a fawn, in another moment weeping at a tale of woe, now speaking like an oracle, and with an intensity that vibrated through the very being of others, by the means of that unknown power, *sympathy*, speaking of things (if things they can be termed), beyond an angel's ken; then playing such fantastic tricks, she seemed almost belonging to the tribe of monkeys. She was a nondescript, indeed! I never saw any thing like her; but I will describe her first appearance at "The Plantations," for I happened to be present when she entered the drawing-room there; and perhaps some idea may be formed of her. What Miss Ogilvie and her sister Caroline had prophesied, came to pass. Sir William had a touch of the gout a few days after my arrival; and he made every body know it. With his feet wrapped up in flannel and fleecy-hosiery, and his fine person encompassed in a rich chintz morning-gown, he gave himself up wholly to the unpleasant intruder. Seated in his blue-morocco easy-chair, his feet pillowed on an ottoman, with china basons, glass phials, and medical treatises heaped together on a small table beside him, he looked like any thing but "Patience on a Monument;"—even little Fanny played with her doll in a corner, whispering to it her commands, or expostulations, "afraid to disturb grand-papa:" his youngest daughters, wisely enough, got out of his way; and Mr. Talbot, at a distant window, seemed meditating his escape also; when I heard, as I was pouring out the medicine in my gratuitous office of nurse to the querulous invalid, the sound of carriage-wheels whirling round the sweep, and simultaneously, for so it seemed to me, so quickly did the effect follow the cause, the peevish request from my patient, "That I would go immediately and prevent *that girl* (for he supposed she was arrived) from intruding there until he could be conveyed into his own library, where he hoped he might at least be safe, at such a time, from the annoyance of *strangers*." I went out upon my errand, and found Isabel Deane in the arms of her two young friends, who were pouring into her ear their expressions of delight and regret, of welcome and of admonition, yet so mixed up together, so vague, and so perfectly unintelligible, even to one gifted with such quickness of apprehension and rapidity of thought, that she put one in mind more of a Peri than a school-girl. She stood perfectly bewildered, and cast her beseeching Eastern eyes upon me, while I approached, as if asking me for an explanation of all they uttered. I began it accordingly; but had no sooner made her understand that the father of her two friends was then suffering from a fit of *the gout*, than she clapped together her fairy hands of exquisite beauty, and exclaimed, "I will instantly cure him! Take me to him this moment! How fortunate that I should have brought it with me!" The sisters looked at me, and I at them. I saw a smile on the mouth of Mr. Talbot, who had joined the group with his lady, a

smile of wonder at the enthusiasm and confidence of success displayed by so young and diminutive a creature, with evident admiration of her singular beauty and animation. "Where is my little jewel-casket? that in the Indian case?" quickly demanded the little beauty in that tone of oriental command all have acquired who have lived in the land of the Ganges and the Ind. "There it lies before you!" continued she; "be pleased to take it from its covering;—now, where are my keys? O here, in my reticule.—Dear girls, show me to your father!"

I own I had been so struck with the whole of the foregoing scene, that I thought not of Sir William's prohibition. This Isabel Deane seemed to carry all before her; I mechanically followed in the train, as Miss Ogilvie led the way to the drawing-room.

Isabel Deane no sooner beheld the invalid gentleman, seated in his elbow chair, than she darted forward with an agility I had never seen equalled, with her little ivory casket, beautifully cut and ornamented, in her hand. Although she had never cast her eyes upon him before, it was enough for her to know that he was the father of her friends; to her the name of *father* gave the idea of all that was most sacred and endearing; she had not long lost her own! Then, had he not invited her, an unknown orphan, to his dwelling?—sent for her so many miles, and in a manner so gratifying to her female delicacy, her Eastern pride?—sent his own carriage, with an upper woman-servant for her escort? Then was he not ill? in pain? her generous patron? And did she not fondly believe that she possessed the power, the secret, the amulet, the charm, to do him good; to give him almost instantaneous relief? It was under the influence of *all* these mingled feelings, since analysed by myself through a deeper knowledge of her character than I possessed at that time, that this Eastern girl, with the glowing enthusiasm, nay, devotion, that at that moment embued her whole being, placed her ivory casket, containing *her amulet*, at his feet, and whilst exclaiming, "Dear, dear Sir William! thank God, I have the power to cure you," she threw her childish arms around the neck of the astonished magistrate, and imprinted on his forehead *a kiss*, pure, infantine, yet impassioned,—a kiss that was at the same time the holiest and the most captivating pressure that, for many years at least, had saluted the brow of Sir William Ogilvie. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on us all by this act of unaffected simplicity; to have laughed at it would have been a profanation—it was a sacred thing! and yet the amazement depicted on the countenance of the invalid! and the evident dread of his daughters and son-in-law, that there would be an out-break of anger from their father for the girl's presumption; all this was approaching to the ludicrous: for my own part, I was interested beyond expression, and watched anxiously for the termination of this scene.

"Cure me! my sweet girl!" said the Baronet, "why, you have made me well already! And so you are the much-talked-of *Isabel Deane*? You are welcome, most welcome to 'The Plantations,'—welcome as a daughter." Never had I heard him speak in such a tone.

In another moment, the key had been applied to the lock of the ivory box, and Isabel Deane took from it a polished piece of *blood-stone*, a perfect sphere; and calling in an authoritative tone, yet with a most

musical voice, for a glass of spring water, which, as it happened to be in the room, I presented to her, she dropped the stone into it, and covered it over with a china plate that she found upon the table. "It must remain there an hour," said the Eastern girl to Sir William, with a little nod, "before you drink it; be pleased to note the time," Sir William mechanically obeyed her. "You must not dine immediately after you have taken this infusion," added she, laying her finger impressively on Sir William's sleeve; "I think the Brahmin told me, at least a couple of hours must elapse before you eat, that you may not interrupt the spell."

"A *spell*, is it?" demanded the now smiling patient. "Why, thou art one thyself. Tell us from whence this magic stone was taken?"

"It was dug out from the palace of Agra," responded the fair physician, gravely, where it had lain for centuries, with several tons' weight more of this precious composition, hid there to preserve it from being carried off. You smile, Sir William, at hearing me call it a *composition*, since you imagine the blood-stone to be a production of nature. The Brahmins only know *how* it was composed—*whose* drops or goutts of blood are scattered throughout this blessed substance; but you shall find its efficacy."

"Whose little angel is that?" enquired the strange capricious visitant, now first observing little Fanny ensconced in her corner. In the twinkling of an eye, Isabel Deane was by her side, seated in the manner of the East, and playing with the doll, and with the child, as if she were only herself six years old.

"Come with us, Isabel, and change your dress before dinner," said Miss Ogilvie; "I want to tell you a hundred things," said Miss Caroline.

"Hush!" retorted the wilful little beauty, "I cannot leave the room until the hour is passed; do not disturb your father: even now the charm begins to operate upon him only by its proximity. The severity of his pain is passed. Give me the watch; I'll calculate the time myself"—and she placed Sir William's repeater in her bosom, and went on dressing the waxen baby, and twisting up its silken scarf into an Eastern turban, and plucking some feathers from her own bonnet which she threw down carelessly by her side, discovering the most beautiful and redundant tresses of the purest black I had ever seen. Sir William seemed much amused by the tricks of Isabel Deane, and I saw watched every movement with pleased attention.

I perceived, also, that Mr. Talbot shared the interest I felt in this uncommon scene; although he had a book in his hand, and appeared to be reading, his eyes were constantly lifted off to observe what was next to be enacted.

At the expiration of an hour, Isabel Deane rose with much solemnity, and gazed stedfastly at the glass containing the water and the stone; then lifted up her eyes to heaven, with a smile that looked seraphic, "It will do," said she, and she took out the blood-stone, wiped it carefully, and replaced it in her casket, taking care to lock the box, take out the key, and replace it in her reticule. Then, lifting up the glass, she approached with a devotional look the baronet, presenting it to him on her knees, saying something to this effect:—

"May the Father of us all bless these means I use to banish thy disease, my foster-father."

I saw Sir William hesitated: he looked at his son-in-law, then at me; he saw no warning in our eyes to bid him "Forbear:" he cast his eyes on the graceful, almost inspired form before him; so flexible, so elegantly moulded, *so full of life*, so redolent with *faith*. "I may as well indulge her strange whim of believing she can cure me; 'tis but a glass of water after all!" he murmured thus to himself, and drained the goblet.

"Now let us leave him, dear ones," cried Isabel Deane; "*our* father will join us at the dinner-table, which must be at six. We cannot dine before six; you must not dress for dinner, *dear papa!*"

He smiled, and said, "Order the dinner at that hour, Matty; perhaps I shall be able to hobble in and join you. My sweet physician! have you no other prescription?—give me one like your first!"

This was said in a tone of gallantry and of cheerfulness that quite surprised us all, not more so indeed, than on seeing this extraordinary Indian girl bending over her patient, as an angel would over a dying saint, and giving him the boon he asked for.

I have said that Sir William Ogilvie had only a *slight* fit of the gout, but that he *made the most of it*. It is not for me to go into a history of cause and effect; to speculate on the supposed hidden and occult qualities of the blood-stone of Agra; of which a specimen is now in this house, brought from thence by a brave British officer, who saw it dug out from the palace there, about three miles distant from the celebrated Tarjee, where an enormous mass of this stone was buried by some former king of Agra, to preserve it from being carried off piecemeal on account of its supposed talismanic virtues; and he thought to ensure happiness and welfare to his descendants as long as it remained within the foundations of the royal residence.

Sir William Ogilvy did his best now to throw off all the wrappings and appendages of the gout, more in honour to his young guest, it is presumed, than from the healing virtues of the infusion she had given him; perhaps from a certain exhilaration of spirits produced by an incipient passion for the young Indian: but I must not anticipate my story.

The day after the entrance of Isabel Deane into the family of Sir William Ogilvie, Mrs. Talbot and myself, for weighty reasons, secluded ourselves for a time in a very pleasant apartment overlooking the Southampton water and its green banks, covered with those lovely organised *beings*, trees and shrubs, the *mute inhabitants* of this world, whether the *sensitive* ones or not we do not know. There is a strong analogy between them, it must be allowed, and the animal kingdom; yet so gradual is the change from it to the vegetable one, that who shall say—shall dare to pronounce, that the oyster feels pain at the entrance of a knife into its body, and the sensitive-plant, or Venus's fly-trap, does *not* when torn to pieces? Poetry loves to imagine that there is a kindred spirit throughout all nature. Let her enjoy her wild yet beautiful imaginings—let her people the woods and streams with sentient beings—but enough of this.

I am a very keen observer; I believe I have said this a hundred times before, because I am proud, I suppose, of this faculty, which makes me thus parade it to the world: we talk not of what we wish concealed.

Sir William Ogilvie had always affected to dress a good deal in the

old style, like a country gentleman of half a century back : surprised was I therefore to observe him, the first day I ventured to open the windows in Mrs. Talbot's apartment, walking on the lawn with Isabel Deane and his younger daughters, dressed in a modern suit of very handsome black, with a rich black taffety scarf, tied very carefully round his neck, instead of the cambric stock and gold buckle he had been in the habit of wearing ; he had also assumed a white cambric handkerchief for his pocket, and (notwithstanding the gout) I perceived had mounted a pair of black silk stockings and thin shoes. At first I did not recognise him, so great a change had dress made in his appearance : and I actually asked Mrs. Talbot, " If she expected any stranger at 'The Plantations,' as there was a very fine-looking man walking on the lawn, seemingly quite at home, with the young ladies."

" Who can it be ?" enquired the lady. " I wish I could get a peep at him ; just undraw the curtains at the bottom of the bed, for a moment. I declare it is papa ! but how altered ! How *dandified* he looks ! In silk stockings, too ! It is very surprising, I declare ; Francis never tells me any thing. He might have mentioned to me, if only for the fun's sake, that my good, grave, magisterial father, is over head and ears in love with this little wild, outlandish, half-crazy chit, Isabel Deane."

The first time after this Mr. Talbot entered his lady's apartment, he was assailed by innumerable questionings, of what had been going on below stairs since her confinement, with no very ambiguous hints that he ought to have kept better watch over the proceedings there, and also have informed her of them, as now she feared the intriguing young Indian had stolen a march that never could, even with the best generalship, be recovered. " She will get what she desires, and that, too, in spite of us all. I tell you, Francis, this girl will be Lady Ogilvie."

How true is it that women have more penetration in *these matters* than men ; and why ? Because they *think* more about them. By one single glance had Mrs. Talbot discovered, and from an upper chamber, too, quite apart from the persons concerned, what had never once entered into her husband's head, he had been so much occupied with reading an essay from that eloquent American writer, Dr. Channing, and his yet incipient desire to enter into a friendly controversy with him about some points of theology in the pamphlet he thought it an easy matter to confute, that he had paid very little attention to what was passing around him ; but now it was pointed out to him, he remembered a hundred things that confirmed him in the notion that his wife was right, excepting in the idea of *design* on the part of the accused young lady herself ; and here, with a pertinacity that half offended Mrs. Talbot, he defended her against the charge of being "intriguing" and "artful."

" You wrong her, my dear Fanny," said the conscientious young clergyman ; " Isabel Deane is as pure and as free from artifice as the very birds or butterflies that she resembles ; the simplest child of nature I ever saw : she personifies to me," continued Mr. Talbot, " that beautiful creature of the imagination, portrayed so well by Le Sage, his Virginia of the Isle of France : and then her genius ! her brilliant flashes of thought ! her rapid sketches of nature, so bold, so true ! and then her singing !"

"Hold your tongue, Francis, for patience' sake," interrupted his lady; "why she has absolutely bewitched you all! I am quite provoked with the audacity of the young minx! You are as bad as papa,"—and her colour went and came.

"My dear love!" interposed the alarmed husband, "pray calm yourself; such violent feeling, at such a time as this, will do you injury. Think no more about this foolish affair, let me beseech you. If your father has taken a fancy to this poor orphan, what is that to us? You know I shall have a very good income indeed, in a very short time, at my uncle's death, besides the living that he has already purchased the advowson of; then why should we care about his marrying? Let him please himself, dearest; there will always be enough for you, our little Fan, and this young speechless thing. Come, shew him to me, my dear Fanny, again; who is he like? Mrs. Griffiths, are you expert in likenesses? Give us your opinion."

Seeing the object of the affectionate young divine, I did my best to second it; so between us all, we found out that "the baby-boy" was the very image of *the present Bishop of London*; and, of course, that denoted he would himself wear a pair of lawn sleeves one day or other; perhaps rise to be an archbishop. Hence the lady was consoled, and fell asleep, undisturbed further by the idea that there was a probability of her having a mother-in-law nearly as young as her youngest sister, and almost as child-like as her own little Fanny.

I could not resist occasionally looking out upon the lawn when I heard voices there, especially as I was myself shaded from observation by the muslin curtains; the next time I so indulged that curiosity, inherited from a very long ancestry, which even the mighty *Deluge* could not wash away, I saw plainly enough that Mrs. Talbot's surmises, as far as regarded her father, Sir William, were tolerably just. Isabel Deane wished to sketch some particular tree that struck her fancy in the shrubbery, close under our window. It was an old oak, half blasted by the lightning, half shivered to pieces, and without a semblance of vitality; the other half green, flourishing, alive in every leaf. There sat the youthful artist, in the Eastern manner, on the soft turf, with her implements beside her, rapidly etching-in the first faint outlines of the gnarled and splintered ruin, and its more fortunate half; her fine eyes looking up for a moment, then transmitting what they saw on to the paper; her two friends the Misses Ogilvie were watching the progress of the sketch, whilst Sir William, on a garden-seat near, with a book in his hand, glanced on her from time to time the most enamoured gaze. How could I doubt the state of his heart, when I heard him a few minutes after—say (his loud stentorian voice softened down to the most tender key it was possible for it to take)—

"The dew is falling fast; I cannot therefore allow you, *little artist!* to sit another minute there, upon the grass; come, Isabel, you can finish that sketch to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied the Indian girl; "to-morrow! Why, a second blast of lightning, *my father!* may come ere then, and where may be my tree? Fallen, fallen! Let me finish my blighted oak, it wants but a few more touches:" and she moved her hand with extreme rapidity. Sir William rose from his garden-chair, and approached nearer.

"I will sing you a little Indian song," said Isabel Deane, "if you will be patient, and hear me:" and she thus warbled forth, with infinite grace and wildness, a song of her own country, sketching all the time:—

The bird of Paradise, whilst flying,
Is like the Rainbow—fleeting—dying!
The clouds above our heads are going!
The waves of Ganges far are flowing!
The maiden, whilst her hair is braiding,
Is like the Rose of India fading!
To-day's young bliss is gone to-morrow!
Our hopes, our joys, may turn to sorrow!
All, save *true love*, which changes never,
A jewel rare, that lives for ever!

"Enchantress!" exclaimed Sir William, "at any rate, *thou shalt not destroy thyself* before the time;" and between jest and earnest he insisted that Isabel Deane should quit the damp grass, on which the dew was so fast resting; and, taking her arm within his own, he led her into the house, his two daughters following, laughing and shouting out, "that for once Isabel Deane had been vanquished." They might have added, "*yet is she the vanquisher.*"

A day or two after this scene, which told me plainly how matters were going on, poor Peggy Hawkins, now the wife of the consequential butler, Wilmot, presented to him a little girl, rather too early, it is true, in her married life, to be altogether *respectable*, yet, as they say, "things might have been worse;" so Isabel Deane, having heard the whole story from beginning to end, and observing a certain sheep-facedness and *uncomfortableness* (if there be such a word) about the new made father, with that decision of tone which might become a reigning princess, she signified her intention of going to see the infant, and presenting to the mother a little silk net purse, ornamented with gold, containing *cardamoms*, an offering supposed by the native Indians to be an emblem of, and to carry with them, peace, love, and good-will. The daughters of Sir William looked alarmed at the boldness and *sang froid* with which their friend mentioned her determination before their father, and they glanced covertly at him (for I happened to be present, having gone into the dining room for a letter of mine, just arrived by the post, which had been carried in there by mistake, with the other letters of the family). As Sir William put it into my hand, he good-humouredly asked me, "if I thought the visit of three saucy girls would be too much for poor Peggy Wilmot, in her present weak state?"

"What, my father, with my little bag of *cardamoms* in my hand?" enquired the enthusiastic Indian, before I could reply; "What! can peace, love, and good-will, ever be injurious? But we must take with us, Matilda, the *substance* as well as the thing signified and shadowed forth: what will *you* carry as a present to this little stranger-girl, just arrived upon our dominions, this earth? We have a right here as yet, being in possession of the soil; but she must have her rights also: I shall give her this"—and she took from her neck an amethyst cross.

"Give her this, also," said the Baronet, taking from his pocket-book a twenty-pound note, and placing it in the fairy hand of the fair enthusiast, whether from motives of pure charity or not it is hard to say; "and, Isabel," added he, "if you wish that I should make it an annual present to *your protégée*, it is on condition that she bears your name."

"She shall have your's also, my dear, dear papa," cried the young girl in an ecstasy. "*Isabel Ogilvie!* that shall be her name; and I will be her godmother, too, according to your European ceremony."

"May I be the other?" said Matilda: "I should like to do any thing that my dear Isabel does; but who shall be the godfather?"

"Why, our dear papa himself, to be sure," said the Indian; can it be doubted? And we will have such a pretty little festival on the occasion; and I will sketch the whole group as the ceremony is being performed. I must hand the infant to the *Brahmin*—I beg your pardon—the clergyman; and then we must all kiss, and bless our little god-child—"

"*And each other,*" quickly added the baronet, who seemed to grow younger every hour, in looks, dress, and manner, and to have lost all his austerity. "Is it not always the custom, Mrs. Griffiths, that the sponsors should salute each other," said he, "after a christening?"

I merely smiled in reply, and shook my head, whilst Isabel gravely observed, "It is a *holy* practice, and never should be broken; it means a solemn pledge, that each one will perform his vow; so we will bind ourselves to bring up this little innocent, I trust, as an *heiress of immortality!*"

"Think you not that the name of *Isabel Ogilvie* sounds well upon the ear?" demanded Sir William; he was *not* thinking of his butler's child at that moment, but of the impassioned being before him, who had thrown up her eyes, those large and brilliant orbs, towards the clouds; as she pronounced the word *immortality*, her thoughts had penetrated far above them: they were with her own beloved father, and her unknown mother, a native princess of India, who had become enamoured of a British officer, and expiated her crime (for such it was deemed in Delhi) *by poison*, administered to her by her inexorable relatives, after having given birth to a daughter, the heroine of this simple tale, who was sent, cradled in a superb palanquin, and wrapped up in a mantle of her unfortunate mother's, of equal magnificence, studded with gems and fringed with seed-pearls, and there exposed close to the piquet-guard. I have seen the hand-writing of this unhappy princess, addressed to her British lover and husband, for such he was, as they had contrived, by some means, to have the protestant form of marriage celebrated by the chaplain of the regiment; but most secretly, for the knowledge of his having done such a thing would have infuriated the princely relations of the lady so much, that it would have occasioned a new war, and probably the death of thousands. It is considered infamous for an Indian princess to marry out of her own caste. I had this letter, written on golden paper, in my hands not a month ago, together with the golden net of cardamoms, sent with it. Much more expressive to me were the seeds contained in this splendid purse with gold tassels, than the unknown signs of that letter, running from right to left, like the Hebrew, that I gazed unwittingly upon—how cold, how dead did they appear to me! and yet there was vitality and warmth within them. What thousands of things above and around us are, to our unwakened knowledge, as these Eastern characters! We pronounce them senseless, useless, lifeless; but the fault is not in them, it lies within ourselves! O for an "*Ithuriel's spear*," to make things around us seem to us such as they really are!

I must be forgiven for this little *outbreak* here, since I have *reined myself in* before; and the enthusiasm of my sweet heroine is, believe me, most *catching*—I kindle at the shrine of her poetic spirit. Who, indeed, can dwell with the rose, and not partake its sweetness? Besides, I am of rather inflammable stuff, as regards these things, myself; and, for aught I know, may be found one of these days burnt to a cinder by means of inward combustion. Should it be so, sweep carefully together, my gentle friends, the *remains* of the poor “Monthly Nurse,” and let them be entombed within an urn (of *classic shape*, be it remembered), and placed in some quiet niche in the new cemetery at Highgate-hill! I’ll not speak another word of myself throughout this tale, which, fortunately, is near its end. No, that will not do; I must not bring on the catastrophe *too fast*: it will smother the interest and destroy the *equilibrium*.

“Look here, my love,” said Mr. Talbot to his lady, as she sat in her large chair of white dimity, as fair and delicate as it was possible to be; “did you ever see such a likeness?”

“I declare, our little Fan!” exclaimed the delighted mother: “why, it is her very self! This is most kind of you, Francis! Where could you have got it done down here in the country? Some London artist, no doubt, on an excursion to the Isle of Wight. It is in the style of Miss Sharpe—it is hers! I see her very turn of the neck—so graceful! so—O how pretty she is!”

“It was done, my love,” said Mr. Talbot, “in a few hours, by Isabel Deane! she has promised to take you, Fanny, also, when you are able to go down, and your unworthy Francis. Your father is now sitting to her, and she will make a capital likeness of him too, only a little too grave.”

“Too grave!” repeated the lady; “why, papa is as solemn as Judge T—— when he puts on the black cap; only he has not the twitching about the mouth that humane man feels as he is passing sentence. I think it gives papa pleasure when he——”

“You would not know your own father, Fanny, if you saw him now,” said her husband; “why, he is as giddy as any of the young party below stairs; I left him, just now, leaning back in his chair, with a table-cloth twisted about his head by way of a turban, and all sorts of finery heaped upon his person; necklaces and locketts, to make him look more like some *Rajah* or other, Isabel Deane says he already resembles; and she insists on taking his likeness as such. A *Rajah*, forsooth, with such truly English features! and his florid complexion! but the latter, I suppose, she will subdue, and give him a fine dark oriental tint to it. Of one thing I am persuaded, Fanny; so it is of no use to disguise my thoughts: Isabel Deane can just make your father do any thing she pleases, aye, in character, as well as in portraiture. Never did I see yet a man so completely infatuated, dazzled, bewitched, as is my good father-in-law with this extraordinary girl; and what makes it more amazing to me is, the total unconsciousness of herself, that any change has been effected. She tells him, ‘he is the kindest, sweetest-tempered being on earth! the most indulgent, dearest, sweetest of fathers!’ so, to make out her prepossession in his favour, he acts as if he ever had been so; and the girls can do just as they please with him.”

“But, my dear Francis,” said Mrs. Talbot, “it will be a very bad

thing for us all, if my father should marry again. I wish the young chit had never entered the house—"

"Stop!" said the young clergyman impressively, yet kindly. "Why should not your father, Fanny, be happy in his own way? What right have his children to calculate and speculate upon the chances of getting his property whilst he is alive and has an undoubted right over it? Believe me, love, it is a very selfish and disrespectful proceeding, to partition out so near a relation's property, *even in one's secret thought*; he has given you already a very handsome portion when we married; so we ought to be content, if we never get another guinea; indeed, I am so—"

"O yes, I dare say," continued the lady, not at all minding my presence; "and so I am not to grumble, that a *second family* should come in and share with us?"

"They will be equally the children of your father, my love," replied her husband, mildly; "equally with yourselves; and I am sure there is a nobleness, a disinterestedness, a generosity about Isabel Deane which will prevent her taking advantage of the doting fondness Sir William has for her, to the disadvantage of those who had a prior claim upon him."

"She has bewitched you all!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot for the second time. "Does she take to our little Fan at all?" she added, thoughtfully.

Mr. Talbot smiled at this question; for he saw what was in the mother's heart; but not choosing to argue with her further, he told her, what was indeed a truth, that Isabel was attending entirely and spontaneously to the child's education, now Mrs. Talbot was up stairs; that she was teaching her to play and sing, as well as to read and write, but that he was doing wrong he feared by telling her all this, as it was to have been made an agreeable surprise to herself on coming down—the exhibition of the various acquirements of her little girl.

"We must have this likeness in a handsome frame, Francis," said the mother, in an altered tone; "how delightfully she has made the dear child look, with all those flowers in her frock! We ought to have a very good frame."

"It will be down from London, my love, to-morrow," answered the young clergyman: "your father has ordered a very elegant one indeed, and I know not how many fine things besides as presents to you all; so make haste and be ready to receive them: that is your share."

"Well, I am astonished;" continued Mrs. Talbot. "*Presents* for us all! why he never did such a thing before in his life. I have heard mama say, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could get any little matter of finery for herself and us girls."

"Sir William, I believe, never was much attached to your mother: I have heard," said his son-in-law, "it was not what they call a *love-match*, but one entirely of expediency. He had a title, she had a large fortune; their estates joined each other: so the lawyers made the settlements, and they put their property together, their hearts never. Was it not so?"

"Tell me," said Mrs. Talbot, interrupting her husband; "is it true that Isabel Deane has had the folly to send a very handsome amethyst cross as a present to the infant of papa's butler? Under such circumstances, too! how very ridiculous! She might have given it to our little girl instead, I think."

"Suspend your judgment until you make your appearance in the drawing-room again, you *greedy one*!" answered Mr. Talbot; "you will find that our little pet has not been forgotten."

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"Are there any more ships expected from India this season, dear papa?" said this descendant from the princes of Delhi to Sir William Ogilvie, on our all being together in an harbour a day or two after Mrs. Talbot had left her seclusion and had joined the family. "I should hope," continued the same young lady, "that I shall at least receive an answer to my letter."

"Can I send and enquire for you, Isabel?" anxiously asked the gentleman addressed. "I will run up to London for you, and get some information from the India-House, if you have the slightest wish."

"That I am sure you would offer," was the quiet answer; and she was buried in the deepest thought. "It was a spirited act of mine," at length she said, "to write as I did to the native princes in my own country, and make such a demand! They are bound to answer me, at any rate, even if they think proper to deny my just claim."

No one asked for an explanation of this speech; it might have been deemed inquisitive: but all looked their interest, their curiosity."

"So you do not, any of you, want to hear what I have done, and of my own accord, too?" said the young Indian, with some little petulance in her tone; but it was followed up by a smile so bright, so very beautiful, that the reproach made but slight impression. "I'll make you all *repent*," added she, "for your apathy, should they accede to my demand—you shall not look at my regal jewels."

"Who could gaze on them," exclaimed Sir William passionately, "when Isabel's eyes sparkled so brightly near them? Who could think of *jewels*, with a pearl beyond all price beside them?"

"There, little Fanny," cried the young Indian, "that compliment is between you and me. You say right, dear papa, her complexion is like a pearl; and she is beyond all price. Come hither, you little cherub, kiss your grandpapa for that sweet speech."

"Should he not be paid in kind for the other half of it?" enquired Mr. Talbot laughing.

"Yes, by deputy," said quickly the arch Isabel, snatching from my arms the infant of Mrs. Talbot and carrying it towards Sir William; then, holding its little face towards him, she told him that "she did not believe he had ever kissed his young grandson yet; then, dropping the baby within his arms, she burst out into a strange wild melody, evidently of Asiatic composition, with these words translated by herself. It had a most astonishing effect.

"The Rajah, the young babe caressing,
Gave him a more *substantial blessing*;
A lac of broad rupees he gave him,
Then pray'd that Bramah's son would save him,
From sorrow, sickness, and temptation,
To be the glory of his station."

"Now for the *substantial blessing*, my noble Rajah!" said Isabel playfully, holding out her silk apron to the baronet, who scarcely knew what

to do with, or how to hold the child, and had, therefore a very ludicrous expression.

"A lac of broad rupees he gave him," sung out the inexorable little beauty, relieving him from so unusual a burden, but persevering in her petition for the child. Sir William took out his pocket-book, and most gallantly presenting it to her, desired her to make his little grandson a gift worthy of "*a Rajah*."

"That will I most readily," said she with the utmost coolness; giving me the infant, and opening the book; she unrolled some bank-notes, looked at their amount; and, finding they made up together the sum of £220, she replaced the £20 note in the book, and put the others into the hands of the infant's mother, saying, "Twenty pounds will do for present house-keeping, dear papa; if you want more, your little banker, William here, will lend it to you."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Talbot looked confused, and seemed not to know what to do with the money; but they were both relieved by Sir William saying with much kindness, and, I thought, a tear in his eye, "And it is not the *last* present I will make my first grandson, the only male descendant in our family;—put it up, dear Fanny, for your little one, and remember you are to use it when you want it, and that there is plenty more where that comes from."

"Only twenty pounds in the blue pocket-book left!" cried Isabel Deane, clapping her hands, (a way she had when much delighted) "but if my jewels should come, we shall all have enough. My '*precious pearl*,'" said she to the little Fanny, "have you shown mama your necklace?"

"No, Bella," replied the child, "you told me not; and I promised, and have kept my word: shall I run and fetch it now?"

A word was sufficient for her; she returned with a very beautiful pearl necklace, made from part of the fringe of the mantle which had been placed over Isabel when an infant: she had sent a quantity of these up to town, and had had them set, with an emerald of great value in the centre, for her little favorite. Mr. Talbot looked at his wife; she looked at the necklace, then on her children; she thought of her injustice to Isabel, and, throwing her arms round her neck, she kissed and embraced her most affectionately.

"Now for the story about the jewels," said Isabel. "Our dear papa has behaved so handsomely, that he is entitled to hear all that I have done: so listen to the descendant of a thousand kings," and in a moment this versatile creature had thrown herself down on an ottoman stool, which had been carried to the summer-house for the use of Mrs. Talbot; and, putting her elbows on her knees, and the two palms of her hands against her cheeks, she looked like the Hindoo girl of Eastlake in a moment. Thus she commenced.

"You know, I dare say, very little about the Hindoos; so I will just tell you, that although now there are more than thirty-six *impure* castes, or offshots, from the original ones, that there are but *four* that we consider to be the true ones. Perhaps you are not interested?"

"Go on, go on," said Sir William and Mr. Talbot in a breath; "tell us your story in your own way."

"Well, then," said Isabel Deane, "I will give you the names of the

four original castes in India. First the Brahmins, or priestly tribe—they are all holy, and have to do with religious ceremonies. *I am of that caste.*

"The second is called *Cshepterees*, or the tribe of warriors—the worldly safety of the rest are especially their care. Much respect and deference is paid to this caste.

"Then come the *Vaissyas*, who are to procure the necessaries of life, till the ground, invent instruments for agriculture, and measure out the rice, &c. Having so much in their power, they command respect, more from that power, than their station.

"Last come the *Sudras*, who do all the drudgery of the three other castes. All these four are divided into classes; and, should any unfortunate person *lose caste*, as it is called, as my beloved mother did by marrying an Englishman, they are deemed *accursed*, as, should even their *shadow* pass over a place, or person, it pollutes it."

Sir William Ogilvie seemed uneasy at hearing this observation, but requested Isabel to proceed.

"Whilst in India, I teased my beloved father until he let me learn the language of our caste: I can both read and write it fluently. About a year ago (since I knew these sweet friends of mine, Matilda and Caroline Ogilvie), I sent off a letter to our reigning Prince of Delhi, my uncle, be it known to you, demanding at his hands, as my unalienable right, all the jewels belonging to my deceased mother. I told him 'That the blood in my veins was as pure as that in his, for my father was'—but no matter, I cannot bear to speak of him! I called the prince what he is, 'my mother's brother!' 'my own dear relative!' 'my liege lord, too, and sovereign!' I spoke of my being in a distant land, but that my spirit was often with him and his people. This letter I despatched, unknown to any one, and am astonished that as yet I have had no answer."

"O, Isabel, it will never reach your uncle," cried Matilda Ogilvie; "you forget the difficulty of getting letters conveyed to natives in that strange land."

"It *has* reached the King of Delhi," said Isabel, solemnly; "or my Ayah has perished. She promised, and will keep her word, that she would deliver that golden paper into the hands of her master, *or die!* She accompanied me to England; she brought me up; she attended my mother in her last illness—she is faithful."

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"A black woman is in the hall," said Wilmot, the butler, entering the drawing-room, about a fortnight after this. "She insists on seeing Miss Deane immediately; and is in a great passion because I would not permit her to accompany me: she has a large iron-bound box under her arm, which she would not permit any one to touch."

"It is my own Ayah; she is returned!" exclaimed the young Indian; and in a moment they were in each other's arms, and both were weeping with joy. What a contrast did they present! The native woman with elf-locks and swarthy complexion, frightful in the extreme, twining her long bony arms around the exquisite little form of her mistress! that mistress, so very lovely, kissing and embracing with ecstasy a being the very resemblance of Hecate; pressing the freshest lips in the world to the most skinny and cadaverous ones; so true is it, that what we are accustomed to see, either its beauty or deformity is scarcely perceived by

us; but the slightest *change* in manner, in affection, is felt almost instinctively—a touch of coldness from those we love, the alteration even to a semi-tone of the voice, and we recoil upon ourselves; a re-action takes place within us, and we feel pained, mortified, perhaps indignant, in a moment; we resemble the sensitive-plant,—too rudely handled, the whole state of our being is in collapse.

“There, my own princess, got all her pretty jewels! She no *bheestie* now (the name for water-carrier in India) she *jewel-bearer* to her own dear, dear *Isa-beel*,” and the excited creature placed at the feet of her mistress the iron-bound case, slung across her shoulders by a leathern belt, as the Jew pedlars carry their boxes of wares. She had been to Bath, where she had left Isabel on her quitting England, and was in an agony at not finding her there. She would not stay an hour, but had proceeded on to Southampton and “The Plantations;” but the high excitement and fatigue she had sustained, and her joy at seeing her beloved mistress, were now too much for the feeble creature to bear: she was carried off to Isabel’s own chamber in a fainting-fit: a fever followed; and for many days her life hung, as it were, upon a single thread.

O what devotion of love did this fair young creature show to her attached servant during this illness! Those who sit by the bedsides of the sick, handing to them their medicine, and beating up occasionally their pillows, scarcely can conceive of the heart-felt attentions, the constant watchfulness, the intense anxiety exhibited by this poor girl. She could neither eat nor sleep. No prayers or expostulations could withdraw her, even for an hour, from her *Ayah*: she would allow no one to assist her; she was even jealous of the slightest offer of aid. “She has watched over me in my infancy, when an outcast from my tribe,” she would fervently exclaim; “and now, no hand shall touch her but my own. The *vine* shall now help to support the tree that once preserved it from being trampled down on the earth.” Happily, after some days, the poor native woman recovered; and the delight of her young mistress passed all bounds.

“All the pretty jewels *safe*, my own dear princess?” enquired the *Ayah*, on recovering her senses and recollection.

“Could I look at them, *think* of them, when my dear *Meyna* was so ill?” replied her mistress, tenderly embracing her; “we shall have plenty of time now to inspect the jewels of Delhi. I knew they could not refuse my request.”

“They did though,” exclaimed the native woman, raising herself up in the bed. “They not speak well to *Meyna*. They not own your father’s darling child. They not send the jewels of their murdered princess to my own —. So—so—I gave them pretty lesson; I taught them to do duty; I knew every turn within their palace, and I *stole* away our own rightful property.”

“*You stole away the jewels!* O *Meyna*, why did you do this wrong?” said her mistress, reproachfully.

“No wrong at all, Missy *Is-a-beel-a*,” cried out the native woman, in a most vivacious tone; “they belong to child of my dead princess. I promise her, before she die, to give them to their true owner. I will kill myself, if you say again me did wrong.”

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What could be now done?—a case of most valuable diamonds; others of pearls, emeralds, chains of gold, rubies, amethysts, poured out, as if from Aladdin's garden, to our wondering eyes! How the native woman effected her purpose I never could clearly ascertain, as it was thought advisable for the present to place Sir William Ogilvie's seal upon the casket, lest any enquiries might be made in India to the authorities there by the King of Delhi; but I believe nothing of the sort has ever taken place. He would much rather, I have no doubt, give up the possession of these valuables than publish his own disgrace, as he would call it, of any connexion between one of his august family and tribe with an European. We were all advised to hold our tongues about this business until the affair had a little blown over. Now Indian matters are on a different footing; and Isabel Deane has removed the seals upon the casket, considering it her own property.

What more is there to say? Yes, *the catastrophe*!—but it has been before imagined. When Sir William Ogilvie mustered up courage enough to ask if his beautiful guest would become Isabel Ogilvie the second, with the title of *Lady* preceding it, the simple-hearted girl, free as an infant from all prepossession in favour of any other man she had ever seen, delightedly replied, "Then we shall be *one* family, indeed! Never to be parted more! Dear, dear papa!—for such I will ever call you,—I will be as a sister to your children. I will love you better than a daughter."

Has Isabel Deane kept her word? Yes, to the very letter. Even Mrs. Talbot has been obliged to confess, "that the present Lady Ogilvie has not only made her father the happiest of men, but has taught him to be agreeable, kind, attentive, and *generous*. No one pays greater respect to her juvenile mother-in-law than herself, or has more reason to rejoice at her father's second marriage.

Caroline Ogilvie has just followed her sister Matilda's example; she has *paired off* with a very worthy gentleman, who has a summer residence in the Isle of Wight. Before they departed from "The Plantations," Lady Ogilvie took them each to her iron-bound box, and presented them with what had once belonged to a native princess of Delhi; and though the title to these gems might not be clearly made out by a court of law, yet perhaps in one of equity the claim could be established: at any rate, it is very improbable that it will be ever disputed.

One question more, good lady nurse, and we will dismiss you from the present sitting. "Is the Indian girl *herself* happy?" "Go, ask the humming bird that glitters in the sunshine; the nightingale that sings at its own sweet pleasure in yonder umbrageous tree; the butterfly that sips fragrance from every flower, undisturbed by museum-collectors and schoolboys—what answer will they give? That existence to them is delightful, because they follow the dictates of unsophisticated nature; because they have not put on the shackles of affectation, or submitted to the yoke of prejudice." All the kindly affections of the heart are in full play in the bosom of Isabel Deane; therefore she must be the happiest of human beings, because she has trod in the paths prescribed by the common mother of us all, the officiating priestess in that human temple, sacred to the *universal cause* of all created things, whose altar is the pure and undefiled heart. Yes, Isabel Deane is **HAPPY**.

THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS. BY JOHN A. HERAUD,

Author of "The Judgement of the Flood," "The Descent into Hell," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

Genius and its Pleasures abstractedly considered; hence, Invention—Civil Life—Property—Martial Skill; Leonidas; Pleasures of Warlike Genius—Sesostris—Alexander; Apostrophe to Ambition—Philosophy of Religion, its proper object—Introduction of Christianity; Cyrus—Cæsar—Rome—The Jews: History and Philosophy—The Arts and Sciences—Herodotus—Thucydides—Descartes—Locke—Berkeley—Kant—Scott—Southey—Ariosto—Dante—Virgil; Sculpture—Laocoon—Niobe; Painting—Raffael—Michael Angelo—Rembrandt—Titian—Claude; Music and Poetry—Handel—Milton—Moore—Homer—Spenser—Shakspeare—Byron—Wordsworth—Tasso—The Cid—Romance—The Gondoliers—The Fishers; Cheerfulness—The Symposia at the Mermaid—The "wit combats" between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare: Present state of the Stage—The ancient Masque; Luxury, in excess, destructive; in a certain degree, necessary: Naval Dominion—Britain—Episode of Alexander's Armament on the Hydaspes—Drake—British Enterprise—Raleigh—Nelson: War, and its attractions, not for all—Archimedes—Uses of Conquest—Napoleon.

LIST! heed ye not, uncalled by human hand,
Those lyric murmurs gurgling o'er the strand?
Old Ocean's wanton zephyrs kiss the strings,
And wake the Æolian harp with sportive wings.
But would its chords, *unframed* for music's spell,
Breathe forth such sounds so wildly and so well?

The spirit thus that animates the eye
Of man erect, conversing with the sky,
Would by each influence be in vain address,
That warms emotion in the feeling breast,
But that, susceptible in every sense,
She sympathizes with each influence.

Hence, every breeze that, in the morning hour,
Sheds odour on the hedgerow and the bower;
And every tint that mantles round the sun,
Rising or setting o'er the prospect dun;
The hues that blend the rainbow into glory;
An old wife's fable, or an old man's story;
Books, paintings, statues;—chief, the Bible's page,
With truth inspired, and warm with sacred rage;
All—all commove the Genius, 'till it soars,
And trembling dares,—but, while it dares, adores.

Know, high upon his intellectual throne,
The God-determined Will presides alone;
With all its treasures, simple or combined,
In one direction strongly sways the Mind;
Of all it hears or sees, or feels or thinks,
Constructs one chain whereof they are the links;
A chain invisible and clankless, . . yet
True as our life, . . but worn without regret.

Oh! may the Will, of essence free as air,
 Yield to impressions though sublime and fair,
 If Pleasure soothe not its wild liberty,
 And make its choice delightful as 'tis free?
 Yet, as its sensibility improves,
 The soul, confess we, loathes as well as loves.
 Her pleasures oft to agony attain,
 And joy too exquisite expires in pain:
 But pain ne'er rises into ecstasy;
 The soul rejects it, and the senses die.

Exile from Eden, Man went forth to strive
 With Nature, or inert or sensitive:
 The force of pleasure and the love of ease
 Incited his inventive energies;
 Then Jabal built his tents, and Jubal made
 Organ and harp, bestowing music's aid
 To solace life; and, when 'twas worth defence,
 The art of arms did Tubal-Cain dispense.

These are thy works, O Genius! Lo, I see
 The city rise in prospect fair and free;
 The cultured field, the winding river's line,
 The holy bounds of Property define.
 But the Barbarian envies all that can
 Give life to life, humanity to man;
 With savage inroad rush th' untutored horde—
 Well know the social tribes to wield the sword!
 For Freedom—not the freedom of the wild—
 But Freedom civil, equitable, mild—
 Their hearths—their altars—and their country's love—
 In arms they rise; . . ingenious, on they move,
 Opposing skill to courage fierce as rude,
 And Few, by art, repulse a Multitude;
 Or if they fall, win graves upon the soil,
 How dear, how precious, made by Skill and Toil!
 So thy brave Few, "sublime Leonidas!"
 Defeated Xerxes in that "guardian Pass,"
 When Asia came in vengeance for her slain,
 Left on the eternal Marathonian plain;
 And Fame for ever, from that hour to this,
 Still haunts "the gulf, the rock of Salamis!"

How keen thy Pleasures, Genius! to impel
 Man 'gainst consociate comforts to rebel,
 And proud of conquest, and with spoils increased,
 Go forth to battle, glad as to a feast.
 From Egypt thus, with arts and science blest,
 —What wild Ambition panting in his breast!—
 Sesostrius went to sway the world by war,
 And harness kings to his triumphal car!

Behold thy son, great Ammon! lends his ear
 To science high, profound, abstract, severe;
 Roused by the Stagyrte, his mind awakes
 To grasp infinity,—in thought, partakes;

From worlds ideal, which no bounds confine,
Returns to earth, to cease to be divine,
O'erruns it all, and weeps he may no more—
Compelled, Ambition paused—but not before.

Ambition! glorious fault! from heaven she came;
And what has earth to satisfy her aim?
Proud Spirit! wherefore take incarnate thrall,
And, for an Avatar, deign so to fall?
To reign—although in hell! and to impress
Thy genius on the nations—curse or bless!
Go, slay or shackle all who would rebel,
And mould the mind, or, if not, even compel.

At nobler quarry should Ambition fly,
And build within the temple of the Sky—
As nests the Swallow in the holy dome,
Or in the rock the Eagle makes her home.

Soar, Flame of Genius! even to heaven aspire,
Whence thou descendedst, a prophetic fire.
There thou art greeted by the immortal Three,
Faith, Hope, and chief, supernal Charity;
And bear'st in charge, at thy departure thence,
From them the message of benevolence—
Go, teach mankind, adoring him above,
To pray—with understanding and with love!

Ere haggard Superstition had a name,
Reason and Revelation were the same.
Conscious of Being from on high bestowed,
From God each thought as from its fountain flowed,
To God returned, as rivers seek their source,
And thus with Heaven maintained an intercourse.
God in man's spirit spake his Will divine,
And Reason bowed and worshipt at his shrine;
Till the proud priest, degenerate from his sires,
Banished the seraph from its hallowed fires:
Then in the groves, where cherub Wisdom strayed,
It dwelt with sages—but no longer prayed;
Till HE, o'er whom heaven hovered with delight,
Bade Reason and Religion re-unite;
Eternal Reason, that with God of old,
With God unerring dwelt, one—manifold.

—— Art thou ambitious? In his holy Name,
Take thou his cross, and emulate his aim!

Cradled on Fortune's bosom, others may
Learn to be wise, and teach the mind its play;
He, nursed by Poverty, in Labour reared,
Supreme in genius, taught of God, appeared.
From his new lips precocious Wisdom ran,
And Truth divine enlarged the heart of man.
'Twas his the soul to awaken and exalt,
Cleanse from all stain, and purify from fault;
In doing well, laborious days to spend,
Of human kind the Lover and the Friend,

And hail, O Death! thy terrors; pledge sublime
Of Faith that shall survive the wreck of Time.

Brightest and purest He, of all that e'er
Reflected Light from heaven's harmonious sphere.
In him Law ruled supreme, and walked before
The Man divine whom nations now adore.
Ah! that they would in clearer mirror shew,
Peoples and rulers, what through him they know—
That both by precept and example too,
In man embodied, Truth the world might woo,
Woo to be wise, and blandish to be blest,
And find even here a Paradise of rest.

Yet not in vain hath Time oracular
Pronounced the things that have been or that are.
The historic page unfolds the plan divine;
States rise and fall in aid of heaven's design.
Genius to Nations! in barbaric lands,
Man felt the fervour of thy plastic hands;
Nature herself the Child of Nature taught,
Inspired with Feeling, and possessed with Thought;
And ancient Greece, with reverence and with awe,
From them received Philosophy and Law.
O Greece! in thee the youth of mind we trace,
The rising manhood of the human race.
By Providence directed in her aim,
From thee to Rome transmitted, Learning came,
And found at length what she had sought so long;
Truth, to support the weak, subdue the strong—
Truth, Saviour of the world, awhile disowned,
But now above the eternal heavens enthroned.

Ah! thither should the flame of Genius soar;
But earth, Ambition! earth thou lovest more!
—Thine was a Cyrus—thine a Cæsar, too;
Thine, too, the people from whose pride he grew.
The queen of Cities, born of Fable's womb,
Thou wert the Genius to gigantic Rome!
Her, Freedom nursed, and Valour watched beside,
Till Glory came and wooed her for his bride.
Heroic Virtue, through eld's twilight mists
Enlarged to vision, all her foes resists.
Let Pyrrhus, and let Italy subdued,
Let Carthage, by two Scipios well withstood,
Let Syria humbled, Macedon o'erthrown,
Attest the courage which surpassed their own;
Whilst Spain and Sicily, and Gaul and Greece,
The praise and honour of her arms increase,
Till solemn History, from age to age,
Names but one people on her crowded page.

Her Cæsar rose upon the wings of war,
Till Freedom feared his coming from afar—
The Rubicon he past,—there doomed to die,
From the She-Wolf's offended Majesty—

Himself majestic : so his spirit still
Survived thy work, Ambition ! to fulfil—
Genius to Rome ! who looked with scornful eyes
On petty warfare, left to her allies,
While she, reserved for more sublime an end,
Disdained for less than empires to contend.

Glorious her eagles blazed o'er flood and field !
Glorious her warriors, bright with spear and shield !
Their march how rapid, and their aim how sure !
How skilful each ! how powerful to endure !
How fitted for their work ! how firm to do !
Without a rival—save the unconquered *Jew*.

Land of *his* fathers ! thou indeed wert free !
How great thy Law ! how glad thy Jubilee !
How brave thy sons ! thy daughters passing fair !
Gentle to love, and vehement to dare !
Methinks I hear this song proceed from them,
A song of sorrow for Jerusalem.

“ What patriot ever strove with equal zeal,
Or for his country might so deeply feel ?
People of God ! although at last ye fell,
With Rome's your better genius struggled well :
Nor had ye fallen, if not on high decreed,
Had Heaven fought not against the chosen seed.
Lo ! in the air celestial armies fought,
And doomed the desolation Titus wrought !

“ See now the Jew, how abject for august !
His glory changed and dwindled into dust !
But, O respect his sorrows, fear to wrong,
If that ye would your country's weal prolong ;
For never yet did nation wreak him woe,
And Heaven its vengeance for the crime forego.
Long wait it may . . . but will at length strike home !
Where now is Babylon ? What now is Rome ?”

Genius to Nations ! thine the historian's skill,
Nor he his task without thee may fulfil.
While great Herodotus his volume read,
Thy tears, O Genius ! by the boy were shed :
Olorus' son, astonished, rapt, inspired,
Wept, . . . and achieved the greatness he admired.

Important task ! on nations to confer
The wisdom taught through Time, truth-utterer !
Enormous guilt ! the nations to deceive
With lies, that sceptics only can believe.
Let future Gibbons tremble while they write,
And shed o'er History's page Religion's light,
The Humes and Mitfords of another age
Develope facts in reason, not in rage,
Nor give to party what was meant for man—
And rival Truth and Turner, if they can.

Truth ! What art thou ? A voice bade Des Cartes still
“ Pursue the search of Truth !” He said, “ I will !”

And e'er the Vision haunted his rapt mind,
 And urged him forward—forward. Did he find?
 Alas! he lost by Doubt what Faith had found,
 Yet saw all things in Deity abound—
 Region of Truth, where Man, of heavenly grace,
 May seek and prove her, in her dwelling-place.

Mind—mind—most glorious of all gifts to man,—
 'Tis his at once to cultivate and scan—
 His special privilege, himself to know,
 Soar to the heights above, the depths below,
 Give nature laws, the universe control,
 On matter stamp the impress of the soul.

With what delight, through dim-discovered tracts,
 Science explores all essences and acts;
 And Wonder worships what the Arts design,
 While Colour speaks, and Form becomes divine!

How have I hung enamoured o'er the page
 Of Locke and Berkeley and the German sage;
 Or loved with Bacon, as his earth I trod,
 To trace God's fingers in the works of God;
 Or soar with Newton to the starry sky,
 And learn what Power supports the orbs on high,
 And in the mighty Whole the Mythos see,
 Of that which was, and is, and is to be.

Here Reason reigns; yet Genius loves as well
 Bright Fancy listening pleased to ocean's shell,
 Dreaming of music o'er the waves afar,
 While Tritons clarion round the Sea-god's car.
 With her the Loves and Graces still disport,
 And Fable worships in her elfin court,
 Where Scott and Southey bear the golden key,
 Once Ariosto's, bard of Chivalry.

But chief, Imagination, godlike power
 Receives from Genius her majestic dower.
 Together the still horror they invite,
 And shed the tear of rapture and delight;
 And in that blissful trance, such shapes descry
 As haunt the magic land of poesy.

Severely statuesque, and sternly grand,
 The Forms which her religious soul command;
 Such as sage Dante saw, by Virgil led,
 In worlds to come, the Living in the Dead.

So, by the Sculptor's art, the marble shews
 Passion in stone, and Beauty in repose.

—Laocoon conquers in his soul the pain,
 Which to remit he pleads to heaven in vain;
 Feels for his boys clasped in the serpents' coil,
 Yet triumphs o'er the agony and toil.

—Lo, Niobe, into a statue wept,
 Would save the daughter to her bosom crept;
 Heroic Mother, self-devoted,—she,
 Thou trembling One! would ward the bolt from thee;

Her let it strike, on her, the unforgiven,
So thee it spare, descend the wrath of Heaven!

Such are the Forms the Grecian bards delight,
In solemn tragedy, to mould aright;
Unshaken Will opposed to ruthless Fate,
And Nature vanquished by the Soul sedate.

In hallowed temples well might men adore
Thoughts so divine embodied them before;
Of Heaven they were, and, by such steps sublime,
Who worshipt truly, to their source might climb.

Or if a warmer medium thou require,
Lo, Painting kindles up her torch of fire.
Go to the Vatican, and let thy soul
Thrill with new awe beneath divine control.

—Let Raffael's visions, in celestial state,
Thy feelings to devotion consecrate;
While from thine eyes, in beatific trance,
Trickle the tears :—swoon thou, as they advance,
That Forms of gods may hover o'er thy heart,
And haunt it after, never to depart.

—Or sun thy spirit in the fiercer glow,
The graces terrible, of Angelo.

—Or bathe, with Rembrandt, in a lake of Light;
With Titian, play in Colours exquisite.

—Or look, with Claude, on Nature's face, and see
"The Mind, the Music, breathing" thence on thee!

O Music! who in times of old couldst sway,
With power forgot, this animated clay;
Still livest thou, but ne'er since Handel left
Earth, to converse with Milton, long-bereft,
Hast thou been "married to immortal Verse,"
Meet lofty thoughts and fancies to rehearse.
Still Moore, indeed, in amorous pain may melt
The soul of youth, too prematurely felt;—
Superior far that gladness which inspired
The bards of Greece, though from the senses fired,
Yet true to Nature, pleasure it refined,
Alike the passions touched, and soothed the mind.

Song cheers the soul; and Homer's heart was glad,
A happy bard :—Such joys the Muses had;
The wanderer's way they might illumine and charm,
Bless him though poor, though blind protect from harm.
Who reads his raptures of his joy partakes,
For Genius e'er demoniac pride forsakes.
Hence, with fantastic Spenser, rather I
Roam the delightful lands of faëry,
With gentle Shakspeare, sympathise with *all*,
Than on dread Nemesis with Byron call.
—In evil days, how patient, how sublime,
Milton bequeathed his song to future time,
For him his nightly visitant advanced
To heavenly bliss, in holy visions tranced.

—So Wordsworth now rejoices, calmly brave,
In hopes sublime that overstep the grave.

Song cheers the soul. Thus still the Gondolier
Doth in his dusk canoe his spirit cheer ;
And Tasso's, as in Greece old Homer's strain,
Resounds in Italy ; the Cid in Spain—
In bower and hall the harp and the guitar
Murmur romance, and woo the vesper star ;
Soft sighs in gardens the Morisco lay,
And serenades charm lady's dreams away.
—O'er the calm liquid mirror patient lies
Thy boatman, Adria ! brooding melodies ;
Anon, aloud with voice and verse he wakes
The distant Echo. Who his song partakes ?
Perchance a stranger ; yet the song endears
Each to the other, and each one who hears.
—The faithful consorts thus of Lido's isle,
On the sea-shore, the eventide beguile,
Till each her husband, fishing out at sea,
Hears from afar, responding to her glee.
Sweet on the waters blue the moonlight dim,
The music passing sweet to her and him !

Song cheers the soul. O Cheerfulness ! to thee
The Muses with Apollo bend the knee :
For of the soul art thou ; and thou, erewhile,
Dwelt with the poets old of Albion's isle.
Thine were the " things which stern old Ben had seen
Done at the Mermaid, . . words that there had been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,"
As spent each jest the fancy whence it came—
Unlike the bee that dies upon its sting,
Upon their life was shed a second spring.
There Shakspeare waged with him the strife of wit,
Refined symposia glad and exquisite ;
Rare festivals of Genius and of Thought,
Then newly born ; from Feeling, Feeling caught,
Like Light from torches in a mystic game ;
Ennobling sport, and hallowed in its aim—
Auspicious age ! prophetic of a time
Still more majestic, chivalrous, sublime.

Forth from those minds thus jocund and inspired,
Immortal shapes, like Pallas, sprang, attired :
That Lady who reproached that Husband's mood,
" Who let ' I dare not ' wait upon ' I would ' "—
That generous Moor by jealous knave beguiled—
That Sire unchilded, save for one good Child—
That studious Dane to whom his Father's ghost
Cried for a vengeance that was nearly lost—
Who knows not Juliet's love and Timon's hate ?
And Cleopatra's more than earthly state ?
Sweet Imogen, Miranda, and the twain
Who sported with Titania and her train ?

The Sullen Shepherd, Faithful Shepherdess?—
With other Forms, grave, gay, and numberless?
Where are they gone? What bad Magician's wand
Has banished them from their once cherished land?
Shall ne'er the Drama's Muses re-awake?
Must Genius evermore the stage forsake?
Lives none who, moved by Æschylus and Greece,
Burns to achieve a name like Sophocles?
None who, like Sheridan, would not disdain,
With wit more sparkling than his loved champagne,
With coruscation bland and polished dart,
To mend the fancy and to warm the heart?

All its long glories perished and forgot,
Sad Taste avoids the desecrated spot;
Bœotian owls the Muses' courts profane,
And Judgement wisely spurns it with disdain.
Though pleasures there the vulgar soul may find,
Such Genius owns not, alien from the mind.

Thus where, of old, thy Temple, Bel! on high
Reared its proud head, ambitious of the sky—
Where pensile gardens, in imperial state,
Saw broad Euphrates richly undulate,
Midst palace, arch, and pyramid, and tower,
There now the cormorant houses to devour,
There now the bittern and the raven bide,
Thorns, nettles, brambles, flourish and deride—
The desert beasts with island creatures meet,
And the screech-owl finds there secure retreat;
And there the Vultures, each one with his mate,
Gather (where men were kings) and propagate.

O! would our princes in their halls revive
The moral Masque, then poetry might live;
Might live again, in women and in men,
And move and speak, as nobly now as then!
Then great Eliza deigned to be addressed
By Sybil or by Savage well expressed,
And Shakspeare, gazing on the gorgeous show,
With Puck and Ariel teemed, and Prospero.

On such delights what fancy Jonson shed!
And Comus' myrtles circle Milton's head!
Neglected now, or patronised by thee,
Whose Muse descended with thy Liberty—

Thus hath the Eternal City past away,
Or but remains eternal in decay—
Creative still of pleasure and of joy,
The Genius that builds cities can destroy,
And, with excess of Luxury, expose
The enfeebled nation to barbarian foes.
Yet none will fight with nothing to defend,
Nor on the desert sands his life expend;
For some degree of luxury is good;
Nor without art may battle be withstood—

With skill enough to build a Roman wall,
 The Briton ne'er had been the Saxon's thrall ;
 Nor either to the Norman yielded place,
 But for the lack of learning and of grace ;
 And yet an Alfred taught them to be free,
 And, for their charter, pointed to the sea.

O Britain ! O my Country ! Ocean-queen !
 Thy Genius rules it, stormy or serene :
 With what delight the ship, elanced to roam,
 Strikes like an arrow through the flashing foam !
 When, checked by Heaven, great Alexander bade
 His conquests cease, and by Hydaspes stayed,
 The cedar fell, in aid of his design,
 From mountain forests, with the fir and pine ;
 Till, lo, his naval armament arose,
 Prepared for victors o'er unnumbered foes.
 What sacrifice was offered to appease
 The sacred Powers who rule the myriad seas !
 Nor were the game and public feast withdrawn,
 Till overshadowed men the important dawn,
 When, vassals to the Macedonian sword,
 Gazed on the pageant that barbarian horde.
 The king of kings, from his brave vessel's prow,
 Libation poured into the stream below ;
 And Acesines tributary he
 Invoked, with, Indus ! thy great deity.
 Now clangs the trump, the naval forests move,
 And the waves echo with the sounds they love ;
 The decks with gallant soldiers all alive,
 The latticed sides with war-steeds sensitive,
 The oars of that innumerable band,
 The cries of rowers to the loud command ;
 While loftier bank and deep ravine prolong
 Harmonious notes, more pleasing far than song.

Yet far more pleasing to my patriot heart,
 When Drake impoverished dared a brave man's part,
 And with two scanty vessels scoured the main,
 Till England shared America with Spain !

O Britain ! O my country ! Ocean-queen !
 Thy Genius rules it, stormy or serene.
 There Enterprise still spreads her thousand sails,
 Laughs with the billows, dances with the gales ;
 There Heaven, that swooped upon the Armada's pride,
 Still prospers thy dominion far and wide ;
 And where thy Raleigh once advanced thy star,
 There died to conquer He of Trafalgar !

War ! thou art terrible in beauty still,
 Let land or main thy stern behests fulfil ;
 Yet charms it so, that man where'er he dwells,
 In havoc joys, and with its triumph swells.
 Who of thy "pride, pomp, circumstance," partakes,
 Them never, but with sorrow, he forsakes.

New powers, new thoughts, new feelings to impart,
Thou with a moral fever shak'st the heart,
Rend'st wide the veil that shrouds its mysteries,
And lay'st it bare, as Judgement shall the skies !

Yet not with equal charms thy beauties strike,
Nor thy attractions move all souls alike.
While ruin fell, and rose the battle's shout,
And Death and Madness revelled wide without,
The Syracusan, deep in thought, revolved
How he might move earth's planet,...haply, solved,...
When the rude soldier, though he meant to save,
Sent him to solve—the problem of the grave.

Though War delight not all, her Genius yet
Hath his peculiar purpose to beget—
For Truth and Mercy may by Conquest be
Borne to far lands, and cross the savage sea.
And fit it is, that Pleasure should attend
Such mighty labours for so great an end—
Ay, fit, an immortality of Fame
Should bless, to every age, the warrior's name,
Who falls for Freedom, or who dies for Peace ;—
O worthy of the bards of Rome and Greece !
Worthy of honour, such as hallows you,
Victors of Blenheim and of Waterloo !

Platea's hour and Martel's day must yield
To thy renown, thou last and bravest field !
Then Europe's battle, Man's civility,
Was fought and won, and Earth indeed was free—
(By Hope achieved what Faith of old foresaw)
Free of his power who held the world in awe—
Then was it broken, and therewith the chain
Which tyrants shall no more compose again—
Their tyrant, thou, Napoleon ! hadst thy work,
Scourge of just Heaven, each despot's soul to irk—
Not without guilt, yet was it done with strength ;
And that achieved, thine own was vexed at length ;
For thou wert evil. Revolution's Child,
Thy heart was as thy Mother's, wroth and wild :
War of the order whereto thou wert bound
Was the one rule—with iron thou wert crowned.
The Alps beheld a second Hannibal,
Rome feared thee, unprophetic of thy fall—
The shores of Nile, the tombs, the deserts shook ;
Spain, Austria, both obeyed thy stern rebuke—
The land of Kosciuszko saw in air
Thine eagles flout the sun...what did they there ?
Ere long thy sun shall set with that which sets
O'er Moscow's fire-appointed minarets.
'Gainst Sisera whose doom is writ and given,
Lo ! in their courses fight the stars of Heaven !
The Messengers divine dust-off the snow
From their swift feet ;—and what are armies now ?

Stark in the bosom of that polar land,
 Before their cold breath grows that robber band :
 Cursed by the dying, scaping like a thief,
 Lützen and Dresden yet behold the chief :
 Leipsic the man of Destiny shall see,
 Yield to his fate, and bow to its decree.
 But what can teach Ambition ? Pride subdue ?
 By Mercy spared, that error Earth must rue.
 Fresh from the isle, where he a monarch reigned,
 His eagle, to the winds again unchained,
 Flaunted the heaven, to drench the earth in gore,
 But pierced and bleeding fell, to rise no more.
 Better had he there fallen—but, doomed to fret,
 Lashed to a rock, his heart with vain regret,
 He died inglorious. An angelic shout,
 Genius to Nations ! girt thee round about,
 And, in a living Chariot fiery,
 Convoyed thee straight triumphant up the sky—
 Into the inmost heaven ; when on thine ear,
 A still small voice of Mercy, calm and clear,
 Descended—"Peace on Earth ! Goodwill to Men !" —
 "Give God the Glory !" angels answered then.

END OF PART I.

MENECHILDA, THE IDIOT OF MADRID.

IF, at the age of twenty, you had belonged to that splendid army, which, after painful marches, arrived at Madrid during the summer of 1823—of that army, as gallant from discipline and array, as if it had just emerged from the barracks to go on parade—you would have felt proud at walking through the streets of the capital of Spain, decked in that elegant French uniform, which had neither the amplitude nor tastelessness of the inhabitants of the South, nor the stiffness of those of the North. You would there have seen the young French officers, during their leisure hours, inundating the long vistas of the Prado, or the now silent alleys of the Retiro. You would have witnessed elegant cavalry officers lounging around the luxurious gilt carriages which slowly bore the beautiful denizens of palaces situated in the streets D'Alcala or San-Bernardo. At the same time you would have seen others, who, seated on the low chairs at the foot of time-worn sycamores, derived an inexpressible pleasure in conversing, in an under-tone, with the acquaintances they had formed but a few days previously. Every one, at the end of a week or two, had created for himself a new family, in accordance with his rank, his station, and his tastes ; and these new relations interchanged attentions and affections.

At the corner of the Calle-Mayor, and of that little street which leads to the square of Guadalajara, under the arcades where are sold the fine Portuguese oranges, the citrons and lemons of Majorca, with the dates and pomegranates of Andalusia, were to be seen numerous groups of officers belonging to the garrison of Madrid. They were pressing

towards a small door which formed the entrance to a tobacconist's. Adopting immediately the customs of the new country in which they were destined to reside for some time, the Frenchmen smoked like the Spaniards, and regaled themselves with the exquisite flavour from the leaves of Havannah. But it was far less the quality of the merchandise sold them which drew the greater part of the garrison to this obscure shop, than the fine eyes of Menechilda, the most beautiful girl in Madrid, who, the very next day after the arrival of the French troops, had assembled around her a numerous court. French military men have a peculiar instinct in searching out beautiful women from amongst their most hidden recesses.

At the end of three weeks, Menechilda had made her choice. If she was still visited by gallants, they came to admire the fine shape, the brilliant eyes, and the many graces of the pretty shopwoman of the Calle-Mayor, but without hope of receiving any other encouragement than a smile for all their attentions. For, I repeat it, Menechilda had made her choice; and the fair Andalusian had voluntarily bestowed her heart, and did not conceive that it was right to accept homage from any one but him whom she had singled from all the others.

It was Frank, subaltern in one of those regiments of light cavalry where the dress is so handsome, with the robe laid across the shoulder, the hanging sword-knot so brilliant and glittering, and the curved sabre dangling and sounding against the uneven pavement. It was Frank of Alsace, with the light hair of the children of the Rhine, blue eyes, and well-turned moustache, who had superseded the numerous admirers of Menechilda. Frank, the gallant soldier, had sworn that he loved no other than the fair Andalusian,—and he believed so. On him were bestowed the first sighs, the virgin love, and all the thoughts of Menechilda.

When Frank walked across the Calle-Mayor, he stopped at the house of Menechilda. His horse, Alkirk, was tied to one of the trees in the street of Guadalajara. There the young girl, reconducting Frank under the chestnut-trees, always carried some cakes, or azucarillos, to the courser. She then stroked his powerful neck, or passed her little fingers through his mane; and you would have said, by his neighing and pawing, and chewing his bit, that the steed felt proud of his master's lady love. Frank every where escorted Menechilda. He was with her in the oak-walks of the Retiro, and upon the green banks of the Mançanarès, under those tall plantain trees, which yield a shade so thick and enviable, and from the gate of San Vincente to the bridge of Segovia. He took her also to mass at the chapel of Miestra Señora d'Atocha, and to the majestic ceremonies of the church of San-Isidro, where the organ breathes in gentle murmurs, or bursts in thunder under the arches of a building the richest and most ornamented in Madrid. When kneeling upon the mats before one of the saints, Menechilda leant forward and struck her gentle bosom, and behind her stood Frank, immoveable, leaning upon his sabre, with his head uncovered, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling of the temple, you would have believed you saw a symbolical group of statuary, representing Strength and Religion, or the Angel of War protecting Weakness. Menechilda prayed to the Almighty for Frank. The Spanish girl confounded in her thoughts God

and her lover, and her prayers were ardently directed to heaven; for she believed she should purify herself completely by frequent adorations at the shrine of Santa-Barbara. Innocent mixture of religious belief and human failings, which revealed a secret confidence in the goodness of the Eternal!

One day, Frank was passing in full gallop before Menechilda: his horse slipped upon the shining pavement, plunged, fell, and then rolled in the dust. Frank struck his head violently, and remained motionless, pale, and senseless. Taken into Menechilda's apartments, he was treated with the most tender care. After some hours, he recovered from his swoon, and awaked in the arms of his mistress. The fright which the young girl had sustained roused in her bosom a deep feeling of love, the force of which she had not yet experienced. "I shall not know how to evince my affection," said she to Frank; "if you are faithless to me I shall die; if you quit me I shall lose my senses. Always keep your promise with me, and do not ever leave me." Frank swore upon the honour of the number of his regiment that he would ever love her, and that he would remain with her for ever.

Four months had elapsed since the French troops entered Madrid. Already a report was circulated, that one division was about to make a retrograde movement, and retrace its way to France. The regiment to which Frank belonged must return among the first. This news was received with indifference on the part of the Alsacian. He imagined, however, that it might give pain to Menechilda: he therefore acted a sensible, natural, and reasonable part; but one which will appear full of barbarity to those who remember that the Spaniard had conceived a violent passion for him.

A detachment of hussars were to set off some days in advance, and precede the division. Frank went with them. He determined to conceal his departure from Menechilda. Certainly he was a man full of feeling and delicacy, this Frank, the Alsacian subaltern of hussars.

He departed. The evening before he had left Menechilda with the usual salutation. She did not see him the day after. She attributed his absence to his military duties. Two days were passed in painful expectancy, in inexpressible anguish. She at last heard the terrible news—the departure of Frank for his own country! He would never return to Madrid. She would never see him again! May be you think that she wept? No: not a tear bedewed her eye-lid; but her lips became pale and trembling, her forehead burning. A thousand ideas passed through her brain; but one alone prevailed. She would see Frank, and die.

She set off, traversed Madrid, arrived at the gate of Fuençarral, and walked a long, long time, upon that white and dusty road which passes through a plain, so waste, so uniform and scorching, that you cannot find a single tree to shade you from the sun; not a village or hamlet to repose in. The sun darted his rays upon a head in which a frightful disease was gendering—a complete disorganisation of the thinking power—Menechilda became insane.

From that moment she was inexhaustible. The young and delicate girl, who used to be fatigued when she went from the Retiro to the Calle-Mayor, walked all the day without nourishment, without rest,

She passed the first night under the portico of a church at Buitrago. The next day she came up to the rear-guard of the division, and walked for some time confounded pell-mell with the servants and followers of the army, and, it must be said, in hearing of their gross proposals, of their brutal jokes.

At the end of a few days her feet were bare, mangled, and bleeding; her dishevelled hair fell, covered with dust, upon her neck, which was now wasted by suffering; her skin was tanned and blistered by a burning sun. Menechilda, the pretty Menechilda, no one knew her now, but under the name of *the Idiot of Madrid*. The soldiers bawled, "*Ah! Idiot!*" She looked at them stedfastly, hung down her head, and walked on, continually! Alas! if she could but have given vent to a flood of tears!

One evening she arrived at Toloso, and went to pass the night under the fluted pilasters which sustain the porch of San Antonio. The poor Idiot of Madrid felt cold. The moon shone bright, and the weather was clear; but the night was as damp and frosty as the previous day had been oppressive. Without having tasted food for two days, Menechilda crouched down against one of the interior columns of the arch of entrance. She was bewildered, without strength, without senses. She sunk under her misfortunes; but could no longer collect a thought, and had forgotten both the pleasures and the misfortunes of the past. Frank was even effaced from her memory.

She began to sleep in a heavy, fatiguing slumber, interrupted with startings, when the great clock of San Antonio sounded twelve. A smaller clock, with a shriller sound, reverberated several minutes. It was the hour of prayer of the monks in the adjoining convent. This sound roused her from her lethargy. She quickly rose, and directed her steps into the street of Arguillos, opposite the church where she had passed the night. After several turns she came upon the bridge which joins Toloso to the other bank, in front of the route to Navarre.

The Deba pours along its limpid waves with noise and bluster, as if annoyed to find its course obstructed by the fragments of rock which are broken off from the high mountains around the base of which it winds in a thousand turns. Sometimes it widens into an open pool, letting you see, as though through a crystal, the green plants which taper off in emerald ribbons; at other times, motionless, deep, and gloomy, like the rocks which are reflected in it, it seems to stop its course, in order to rise, foaming, sparkling, and brilliant, and fall in showers at the foot of the oaks and elm trees which border the meadows between the road to Madrid, and the chain of mountains which extend from the fountains of the Araquil to the outlet of the Orrio.

At the moment when the poor girl arrived upon the bridge, two drunken soldiers were making their way to their quarters. They cried out, "*This is the Idiot of Madrid,*" and tried to catch her. One of them seized her, squeezed her hand violently and kissed her. She escaped from their hands, jumped upon the parapet of the bridge, and threw herself into the river. The soldiers were frightened and fled.

The poor girl fell upon a point of a rock, and fractured her skull.

The shock was terrible. This short moment of intense agony brought back a sun-beam of reason, and recalled to her memory four months of

joy, of happiness, and of misconduct. The water, which ran rapid and bubbling beneath the bridge, threatened to engulph her. She wished to recal the existence which was about to cease, and to struggle back to life. She tried to scramble up the rock; but it was worn by the waves of the Deba, polished, covered with slippery mosses, and viscous weeds.

Sliding down, she raised her right hand to make the sign of the cross. She repented before God: her lips murmured, "*Ave Maria purissima!*" No one returned the salutation of her country; no one replied "*Sin peccado concebida!*"

Her inmost thought God alone knew. This was a secret between the Creator and his helpless creature—between the master and the servant—between her who had sinned and Him who grants mercy.

She disappeared.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

DEATH.

1.

VICTORY! Victory!
 I am the crowned king
 To whom Creation bends:
 Its pall, my ebon wing
 O'er earth and sea extends.
 O rocks! that once did rear
 Your proud heads from the sea,
 That erst a look did wear,
 Mocking Eternity;
 Can ye thus disappear?
 O ancient towers of strength!
 That scoff'd me many a day;
 Has this lean hand, at length,
 Graven upon your crumbling walls "Decay?"
 O sturdy oaks! that cast
 Your shade o'er Normans as they past;
 Ye, that your leaves have shed
 On many a hero's bed,
 And deck'd in verdant vest
 The gray-friar's tranquil rest—
 Where ye were rooted is the plough-share sent,
 And, lo, it meets with no impediment!

2.

O Babylon! and ye
 Cities of olden time!
 Within ye once was revelry,
 And music's pealing chime;—

And in each lofty hall
Were blended voices sweet,
And sounds of melody, that fall
From youthful dancers' feet;
And in your streets and highways then
Was heard the "hum of busy men."
Fallen, fallen, are your stately domes!
Vanish'd their population!
And scatter'd stones mark out the tombs
Where rests each buried nation!

3.

Affections deep that dwell
In every human breast!
Ye too obey my spell,
Ye too my power attest;—
Proud are ye at your birth!
Ye look upon the earth,
Where all doth wane and fade,
And say ye, "We were made
Abiding and Eternal; and our lot
Is Immortality, which changeth not!"
Why is your boast so loud?
In youth, have ye not vowed
Love that should aye abound
To loving friends around?
And do ye not soon grow
Aweary of your vow,
And plot the time to steal
Forth from the friends ye prized,
Before another shrine to kneel,
As briefly idolized?
Yes! they who oft have plighted
Their youth in early years,
Whose love was self-requited,
Whose tears were common tears—
How the first wintry day
Breaks up their little band,
And each is sent his separate way
Unto my silent land!
The name of him who dies,
Is borne to comrades' ear,
Who come not to his obsequies,
Nor stand around his bier,
But questioning if memory's voice be true,
Have some conjecture, 'twas a name they knew.

4.

Art thou not weary, Life,
Of wasting energy,
Protracting idle strife,
And bootless war with me?

All thy creation tending
 To manifest my power ;
 Vain enemy,—expending
 Thy strength to swell my dower !
 But the end cometh—Time
 Speeds to his second prime !
 Into the end I see ;
 And utter prophecy.
 The abysmal cemetery
 Extendeth to receive,
 Into its gulf, Futurity ;—
 No mourner left to grieve,
 Nor elegy rehearse,
 O'er the interrèd Universe :—
 All action paralysed, nought seen or heard :—
 Silence my infinite unecho'd Word !

LIFE.

5.

CREATION ! thou hadst birth—
 Once thou wert not, O Earth !
 But before thee was I,
 Pervading still Eternity,
 In time unmanifest,
 In forms that have beginning unexpressed.
 From my begetting, came
 All Nature's varied frame—
 Rivers, rocks, hills, and trees,
 And he who is inhabitant of these,
 World of Humanity, reflection dim
 Of me, who am inhabitant of him.

6.

O Death ! before thee disappear
 The varying shapes I choose to wear ;—
 My yesterday's attire I throw
 To thee, whereat thy brain doth grow
 Wild, and the slave of phantasy.
 Thou thinkest I shall die.
 When unto Genius I do speak,
 My speech it hears, and utters it in word
 Which of mine own is repetition weak ;
 Yet such Posterity with joy hath heard,
 And to her children still doth teach the song ;
 Who to their own again shall hand it down,
 With praise enduring—such as doth belong
 To him of Scio, on whose head the crown

Of centuries is placed. From age to age,
My Echo's echo in remembrance dwells,
Mocking thy idle impotence of rage,
Endeavours profitless, and baffled spells.
And shall *I*, very breath of Deity,—
Primeval utterance, e'er cease to be?

7.

And meaner things, o'er which thy sway
More ample seems, pass they away
Into nonentity? Do they not rather take
New forms and names? Yea, are they not reborn?
Water appears when melts the snowy flake,
And Night in dying giveth birth to Morn;
And in perpetual travail is the earth—
Die, Matter—Immaterial thou art—
Winds banish the lake's calm, yet form the wave;
Succession is, whene'er aught doth depart;
All death vitality, and every grave
The veritable record of a birth.

8.

In outward forms, I still
Reveal my presence glorious;
Yet oft doth rebel Will
Assert herself victorious,—
And, with her veil impure,
Indwelling light obscure.
Then Death! thee forth I send,
The imprisoned soul to free,
And to thee, for my purpose, lend
A brief authority,
And self-destroying powers which tend
To my triumphant reign;
When shall no more remain
Aught that hath guile or stain;
When Love no more shall dwell
In symbols mutable,
Nor the deific mind
Abide the earth—confin'd.
Time of Emancipation,
Release, Regeneration;
Opening of prison door
To the enslaved and bound!
When Sin himself no more
In nature shall be found,
Nor Thou (his brother) be,
But swallow'd up of me!

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

No. I.—CHRISTIAN POETS.

LAMARTINE AND NOVALIS.

WHEN Heine drew the line of distinction between the classic and the romantic schools,* he made their difference to consist in this: that the images of classic art are altogether identical with the things portrayed, while the images of romantic art are symbols instead of close imitations. "Thus," says Heine, "the Bacchus we see in the Louvre is none other than the graceful son of Semele, with a dash of melancholy in the expression of his eyes, and a sacred voluptuousness in his soft arched lips; while it is otherwise in the romantic school, for there the wanderings of a knight have an exoteric signification, and shadow forth the wanderings of human life; the almond tree, whose scents, spreading afar, are so consoling to the hero, represents the Trinity," and so on.

Heine is an open opposer of the romantic, and therefore of the Christian school; for the romantic school is but a species of the genus Christian, and Heine's remark will extend to Christian poetry in general. It will be distinctly understood, that, by the words "Christian poetry," that kind of poetry is alone meant in which Christianity appears as a subject, or at any rate a motive; and that this signification must be by no means extended so as to include any poetry, though written in a Christian country, or by the most pious authors, in which such a characteristic is not found. Our attention is to be confined to *Christianity, as manifested in poetry*.

The remark of Heine, though amounting to a slur on Christian poetry in general, is not only true, but, properly considered, should inspire the Christian poet with none other than pleasurable feelings, as its purport is not that the Christian genius is necessarily inferior to the classic, but merely that it is inadequate to its subject. The fact is, the subject of the Christian's lay is more sublime than that of the Greek; and to this alone is the want of identity between the image and that which is imaged to be ascribed.

The poet who confines his song to things temporal, will naturally have an advantage in the closeness of his descriptions, in a kind of sensual fulness: for as the whole mass of temporal objects is not too large for the grasp of his understanding, nor for the cravings of his imagination, he can add image to image without the least chance of falling into indistinctness; but rather, on the contrary, the more active his imagination, the more concrete, and consequently the more rich, will his work be. In this position is Heine's classic poet, whether he be in himself heathen or Christian; and Heine himself asks, whether the figures in Raffaello's pictures are not equally plastic with those on the walls of Herculaneum.

Far otherwise is it with a poet who has to sing of objects of faith, or those of the speculative reason; viz. objects eternal, infinite, and

* In this paper, the words "romantic school" are expressly confined to signify the German school, so called.

supersensual. Here his imagination can but create symbols, not resemblances, or must at once shrink before the vastness of the objects; and the only purport of the poem can be, the expression of the poet's own inability fully to grapple with his subject.

This will be the case with the poet of an exclusively Christian character; to him the things of the natural world have only a value as placed on the road leading to an eternal state: he cannot centre all interest in them; but they must have in his work a character merely relational: he is in this curious predicament, that the very creations of his imagination are only valuable so far as they relate to that which is beyond the reach of his imagination altogether. A sneer of Göthe's at the romantic school (vide Eckermann's Conversations) is happy; but, notwithstanding its truth, and its applicability to Christian poetry in general, it need no more annoy the Christian poet than Heine's remark, quoted above. "The classic school," said Göthe, "is healthy; the romantic unhealthy." Necessarily,—this unhealthiness is the very characteristic of the Christian character. The mind is in a healthy state when it is perfectly satisfied with all around it; and this is a state purely heathen, namely, a satisfaction in things temporal; for the Christian who constantly feels a craving for things eternal, who regards the affairs of this world as too trifling to engage his whole attention, or to satisfy his desires, this healthy state is impossible; and its absence, far from being an imperfection, is his greatest glory, as it is the plainest manifestation that his treasure is not "on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Let this discontent with transient matters—this unhealthiness, if so it may be called, be removed, and the whole fabric and foundation of Christianity is destroyed at a blow. The feeling that no present state is sufficient for our desires, is the best practical evidence of a future state; while he that allows himself to be altogether absorbed in the sensual world, "his heart is waxed gross;" and not only will he not believe in any other state of being, but even a question on the subject will not present itself, until it shall please God to awaken him from his satisfied condition.

The subjects of the Christian's song are the fallen state of man, the atonement, and the future state of union with, or separation from, the Deity; and these need not appear in the form of dogmas, but of feelings; the feelings of the unworthiness of man to approach God, the consolations of a faith in Christ, the hopes and fears of a future state, are all of them subjects for lyrical expression.

The Christian can scarcely proceed in a style merely epic or historical. True; he may select biblical histories, and give them the form of epic poems; but as long as the personages retain only their temporal characters, they stand forth as mere historical persons, not exhibiting the relation between the Christian and his God, which, if mentioned, must appear either in a didactic form or be expressed by symbols or allegories.

Symbols or allegories (both of which are in the same predicament, the former expressing a truth by a partial, the latter by a substituted image) are very well occasionally introduced; but a narrative composed entirely of them has, if long, been invariably found imperfect. Indeed, and a imperfection is necessary, not incidental; as a story represents charac

in the different relations of time and space : and to represent supersensual things by a story, would be to assume that they moved in a parallel order, similar relations being preserved between them. For default of such a parallel order, we find the allegorist is never able to keep in his allegorical position, but every now and then falls into the actual. Thus in the "Pilgrim's Progress," designed to represent the whole course of a Christian's life, death is allegorised by a stream which the pilgrims have to cross, while in the case of Faithful an actual death is inflicted, and the allegory is dropped : indeed, it seems as though the two lines of allegory and actuality, like mathematical non-parallel lines, must meet in some point or other. Spenser's "Faery Queen" will furnish abundance of illustrative examples.

Even in the scenes in heaven, in Milton's "Paradise Lost," it must strike every one that these are the inferior parts of the work, owing to the impossibility of clothing infinite ideas in a finite shape ; and the vulgar decorations of heaven in the first book of Klopstock's "Messiah," are most powerful witnesses of this impossibility : the poet has crowded suns upon suns, rays upon rays, to convey the idea of infinite glory, as if unconscious that every symbol was so utterly imperfect, that a higher elaboration brought with it no approximation, and that his imagination was performing the task of the Danaides.

There is little doubt that in the epic the Christian poet stands on unequal ground with the Greek* ; the latter, fully confident of the finity of his ideal, knows that every higher grade of his art will bring him to a closer imitation, while, on the other hand, the former must have the discouraging conviction, that every additional touch will but show his own inability in a stronger light. To a dramatic form of exhibiting Christianity the same considerations will apply.

Far otherwise is it with the lyric ; for while the epic and dramatic forms are confined to the telling of a tale, and should be purely objective, the lyric, as the expression of feeling, is subjective, and requires no distinct object to portray. The heart is the seat of the matter of a lyric poem ; and inasmuch as the Christian is the heart-religion, by so much the more is the material of the Christian lyrist richer than that of any other. The infinite and eternal are as much the objects of the Christian's heart as of the metaphysician's head : he regards them with faith ; and faith is no cold assent arising from the weighing of probabilities, but "worketh by love," is the "evidence of things unseen," because the heart occupies the void which the understanding is unable to fill. For the enunciation of Christianity in a narrative form, the short ballad is best suited, because there is a combination of the epic with the lyric ; the very shortness of the story showing that it is selected as the vehicle of some particular feeling, and not for a merely narrative purpose. Thus in Uhland's ballad, "*Das Schloss am Meer*," it is quite evident, that the death of the king's daughter is rather to exhibit the feeling of the narrator than merely to convey the narrative. The Germans have, perhaps, more purely lyrical poems than any nation ; they have *Romanzen* in the like proportion.

Among modern foreign poets of the Christian school, the names of Martine and Hardenberg, or as the latter called himself, "Novalis," have

the

Of course, these remarks will extend to all poets who choose a finite subject.

certain points of resemblance which allow of a comparison between them, especially between the "*Premières Méditations*" of the Frenchman, and the "*Hymnen an die Nacht*" and "*Geistliche Lieder*" of the German. Both these collections are the work of very young men; both the authors were impressed with a deep religious feeling; both regretted the departure of the old believing times; both looked beyond the grave as a resting-place from this world; and, consequently, the poems of both are in a great measure the enunciation of similar feelings.

Similar, but not the same. Lamartine, in his "*Premières Méditations*," stands in the position of a melancholy man, sighing over the present, and longing for the future. In a little Paris edition of 1833, the vignette represents an elegant gentleman, reclining under a tree, and regarding a distant mountain. This conveys partially, but not wholly, our feeling while reading the "*Meditations*:" we fancy the author reclining on a tombstone in a neat country church-yard, a brook flowing at such a distance as to convey a soft murmuring to his ear; the evening twilight darkening into night; the whole presenting a picture rather fading into indistinctness, but withal perfectly elegant and in good keeping. Hear Lamartine himself, though, by the way, on this occasion he speaks from a mountain: *--

† Oft on the mount, beneath some aged tree,
When the sun sets I mournfully recline,
Casting my wandering glance upon the plain,
Whose changing picture at my feet unfolds.
Here the stream murmurs, with its foaming waves,
Winding, it penetrates yon distant shade.
There the still lake its sleeping waters spreads,
Where evening's star is rising in the blue.
On the hill tops with gloomy forests crowned,
Twilight is flinging yet its parting ray.
While in her misty car the queen of shades
Rises and silvers the horizon's edge.
Now dimly forth from yonder gothic spire,
A sacred note is spreading through the air.
The traveller stays his pace—the rustic bell
Mingles its tones with the last sounds of day.

By itself this fragment would prove but little; but those familiar with the other poems will know, that he regards the evening with a feeling fully Christian, as the shutting out of worldly views and occupations, and the leaving of the mind at leisure for higher contemplations; though religious sentiments appear not in the poem itself, the Church, in the fourth stanza, is doubtless, all the way through, the prominent picture in the poet's mind. In all Lamartine's "*Premières Méditations*," an evening tint may be traced; he may be called the poet of Evening, as Novalis is professedly the poet of Night. Novalis dwells not so long on the soft state of transition: he places himself in the night at once: he does not so much wish to observe the world melting away, but he likes to feel that it is cut off—that he stands, as it were, in the region of the infinite.

"Hast thou pleasure in us, dark Night?" he says, in his first hymn

* To convey the meaning as closely as possible, rhyme has been avoided, and a blank metre used, as more readable than prose.

to Night: "What hast thou beneath thy mantle, which with invisible power penetrates my soul? Precious balsam drops from thy hand from the bunch of poppies. The heavy wings of my mind* thou liftest up. We feel ourselves moved darkly and inexpressibly. . . . How poor and childish does the light appear now! How joyous, how blessed the departure of day!"

If ever writings answered to the Irishman's definition of posthumous works, as "works a man writes after he is dead," they are the Hymns of Novalis. They really seem to presume an antecedent death—a death in life, like that prescribed by Socrates, as separating the soul from the body. He is not the poet of death, as Heine calls Arnim, but a death-poet, whose sleep of death is chequered by dreams, with the exception of a tiny thread of life, which binds him to the earth, and which he longs to break, when he thinks of it at all: he is like Dr. Donne preaching his own funeral sermon. He sings to Night as the great abstract from worldly affairs: it shuts out every thing but his own soul; and he feels that he is in a spiritual presence. Not so Lamartine: he never leaves the earth: he perpetually looks up to heaven, but look up he must. Novalis need not look up, he feels he is in a spiritual heaven already. Lamartine is the poet of hope, with here and there a tinge of despair. Novalis the poet of faith, and that so strong that it almost ceases to be faith: his "*Geistliche Lieder*" seem founded on the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" his heart seems to have a power of grasping spiritual objects, and to afford the poet as rigid a demonstration as the understanding of another.

Lamartine sings to his deceased mistress thus:—

No, you have never left my sight,
And when my solitary gaze
Ceased to behold you on the earth,
Again I saw you high in heaven.
And then you still appeared the same,
As you were on that parting day,
When toward your heavenly abode,
You fled away with morning's dawn.
Your pure, your touching beauty still,
Even to the heavens had followed you.
Those eyes, whose life was now extinct,
Beam still with immortality.

This is a lay of hope: for who cannot see that the hope of meeting his mistress in her celestial abode is the *feeling*, though not ostensibly the subject of these verses? Now let us hear Novalis hymning Night; he requires no visionary mistress to fix his regards; Night alone is enough for him.

"Now I know when the last morning will arrive: when Light shall be no more scared at Night and Love, when sleep shall be eternal and but one inexhaustible dream. I feel within a heavenly weariness. My pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre is long and tedious; the cross is heavy. That crystal stream which, unperceivable to the common glance, flows in the dark bosom of the hill, at whose foot breaks the river of the earth,—O he that has tasted of that stream, who stands on the mountain-boundary of the world, and looks ever into the new land, into the

* The original word is "*Gemüth*," for which we have no adequate expression.

dwelling-place of Night; verily he will not return back to the petty impulses of the world, to the land where light riots in eternal turmoil.

"He builds himself a cot above—a cot of peace: he longs, he loves, he looks forward till the most welcome of all hours draws him down to the welling forth of the source. The earthly is cast back by storms, but that which is rendered sacred by the touch of love—that flows, dissolved in secret courses, to the kingdom *on the other side*,* where, like fragrant scents, it mingles with slumbering loves. Still, cheerful Light, you awaken the weary to labour; but from the mossy monument of memory you charm not me. Readily will I bestir my hands in labour, readily will I look round wherever thou hast need of me; I will praise the full splendour of thy radiance; indefatigably will I follow the fair connection of thy artistical work; readily contemplate the course of thy mighty, brilliant clock; fathom the symmetry of thy powers, and the rules that direct the wondrous spectacle of countless times and places. But my secret inner heart remains constant to Night, and to Love, her creative daughter. Canst thou, O Light, show me a heart eternally true? Has thy sun kind eyes, which recognise me? Do thy stars † grasp my longing hand? Do they return the fond word, the gentle pressure? Hast thou bedecked them with colours and a soft outline? Or was it not Night which gave them a higher adornment, a dearer import? What pleasure, what enjoyment does thy life offer, that can outweigh the ecstasies of death? Does not all that inspires us wear the hue of Night? Night bears thee as a mother; and to her thou owest all thy splendour. Thou wouldst be dispersed, be scattered through endless space, did not she hold thee—clasp thee, that thou mightest become warm, and flaming forth produce the world."

Notwithstanding the immense mixture of indistinct images, which would render the above a perfect absurdity, if intended as a descriptive work, who cannot see its value, regarding it as the expression of the feeling of the presence of the Infinite? There is the same glittering indistinctness in the figures of a dream; indeed, the hymn is itself a dream;—a Novalis takes the position of a dreamer.

It might be objected, that the extracts here given are rather calculated to convey the idea of the general relation between the temporal and the eternal, than of any relation as declared by Christianity in particular. The next paper on the subject will exhibit enunciations of a more determined Christian character, which it was necessary these should precede; and, indeed, these few pages are by no means adequate to render the English reader familiar with so extraordinary a genius as Novalis.

JOHN OXENFORD.†

* *Jenseits* denotes, literally, "on the other side;" and hence it was thought best thus to render it, notwithstanding the hardness of the expression. Any addition to these apparently abrupt words would give a greater determination, and consequently remove the requisite abstraction of thought.

† The stars of day mean the flowers.

‡ Author of *The Idol's Birth-day—A Day Well-spent*, and other successful dramas. Thus far is Mr. Oxenford known to the world. The Editor knows him for a profound thinker, capable of grappling with the sublimities of Plato, and the subtleties of Kant.—J. A. H.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Being a benevolent attempt to reconcile Protestants and Romanists.

AT a period when religious contention seems likely to prevail, it is the duty of the philosophic mind, that, by virtue of its character, is free from passion or prejudice, so to discover and display the point of reconciliation in all instances of dispute, as, if possible, to heal up the breach that may have been made, and, at any rate, to prevent it from becoming wider. Nothing could be more distressful to pious sincerity than the differences so long continued between the Rev. J. Breeks, vicar of the parish of Carisbrook in the Isle of Wight, and Mrs. Mary Woolfrey, that have lately found solution in the Arches' Court. The lady, who is a widow, had erected a tombstone, in the church of the parish of Carisbrook, to the memory of her husband, without lawful authority—a point which might have been forgiven, had she not caused to be placed upon it the following inscription :—

"Pray for the Soul of Joseph Woolfrey.—It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the Dead.—2 Macc. xii. 46."

Against this inscription the worthy vicar seems to have taken exception, as being of Romish tendency; and more particularly as the epigraph was quoted not from the English, but the Douay, version of the Apocrypha. He seems to have thought both that and the inscription contrary to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, and to the articles, canons, and constitution thereof, and accordingly commenced ecclesiastical proceedings for the removal of the stone.

The main objection, probably, that could be raised to this inscription, was the fact, that the text was not only taken from an apocryphal book—(that is, held to be apocryphal by the Church of England, and *not* by the Church of Rome)—but also from the Douay—the Romanist—translation of that book,—a translation circulated by the Romish Church, and which differs from the English, not only in the terms of the body of the text, but in the number of the verse. For the chapter in the English falls short of forty-six verses by one, and the text in question is part of the verse numbered 45, and runs in the following words :—

"45. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for them that died godly. (It was a holy and good thought.) Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin."

All this, however, only goes to show that the inscription was provided by a Romanist, which is not the point in dispute. As the two opposing Churches of England and Rome hold many doctrines in common, the question arises whether they differ in regard to this. We think that the Vicar of Carisbrook had not sufficiently considered the entire bearings of the question.

Only by a sort of violence could the case, in fact, be brought before the Court of Arches, on the ground of doctrine; namely, as an infringement of the 22d Article of the Church of England, which is against (not prayers for the dead, but) purgatory, and is couched in these terms : "The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardon, worshipping, and adoration, as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints, is

a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God."

That this Article has but a slight connexion with the offence alleged, even according to the terms of it, is *clear*. In order to bring the case within their meaning, the practice of praying for the dead must be associated with the doctrine of purgatory. Now, the doctrine of Purgatory as professed by the Church of Rome, was a late figment of the priests;* whereas prayers for the dead are, historically, as old as the Church—and the instinct to their performance doubtless coeval with the human heart. Eve probably prayed for the soul of her son Abel, as many bereaved parents since have prayed for departed children. Whatever the theologian may object to this, there is not a poet who will refuse to respond the affirmation. Wordsworth, in his lovely poem on "St. Bees, suggested in a steam-boat off St. Bees' Heads," has some sweet lines on this theme; and has also been at the pains, in a note, to explain the *rationale* of the custom. We quote both:—

* "Purgatory," says the MORNING HERALD of 18th December last, in relation to this subject, "really is but a fiction of heathen poets and philosophers, which the Romish doctrines engrafted, like many others, upon the stem of Christianity. The intermediate state between mortal life and perfect immortality, may be traced back at least as far as Plato. It is also to be found in the philosophical works of Plutarch, better known now by the biographical productions of his pen. He held it impossible but that, from the general order and principles of Creation, there must be *some mean* between the *two extremes* of a mortal and immortal being. He taught that there cannot be in nature so great a vacuum without some intermediate species of life, which might in some degree partake of both. The intermediate state he considered to be peopled with the genii and dæmons, who were the souls of the departed, which had to undergo still further probation before being admitted to the happiness of the gods, or degraded once more into mortal capacity and suffering. It was this pagan fiction which the Church of Rome adopted, with some modification; and SIR HERBERT JENNER (who decided this suit in favour of the widow), in asserting that purgatory was a Romish invention subsequently to the original practice, by some of the earlier Christians, of *Prayers for the Dead*, shows himself but little conversant with the mythological learning of the ancient world."

Thus far the clever Editor of the MORNING HERALD, who, in going thus far, and no farther, shows himself less conversant with the application of such mythological learning, than Sir Herbert Jenner with the learning itself. First of all, there is a misstatement. The Pagan *fiction*, as he calls it, is not of a Purgatory, but of a Middle State—a doctrine indubitably held by the Church of England in *contradistinction* to that of Purgatory: Bishop Horsley has shown, in his celebrated sermon on the subject, and the Editor of this Magazine, in the Preface to the second edition of his well-known *terzarima* poem entitled THE DESCENT INTO HELL, that this doctrine, as held by the Church of England, is equally *Scriptural* and *Pagan*. The gospels recognise the doctrine of Hades distinguished into two divisions,—as taught by the Greeks; and it is by means of this *Pagan fiction*,[†] it is mischievously denominated, that the passage is bridged-over between the Revelations on this subject of the Old and the New Testaments. But the doctrine, in truth, is neither fictitious nor Pagan. *Paganism*, in its only proper sense, as expressive of the rude and untaught state of the villager, ought never to be predicated of such men as Plutarch and Plato;—and, as for the word *fiction*, if it be here used as synonymous with falsehood, or an erroneous assertion, nothing can be more absurd—if for a scientific or philosophical assumption, which no rational mind can omit at the head of an argument, as the principle which must be taken for granted throughout—(such are all the definitions, postulates, and axioms of mathematics—things which must be conceded by the mathematician)—nothing can be more logical. Of this kind were and are the so called fictions of Law—and of such kind are those of Religion. No science can be constructed without such; and it is by their means that philosophy connects itself so beautifully as it does with poetry.—R. U.

"There were the naked clothed, the hungry fed ;
And Charity, extended to the Dead,
 Her intercessions made, for the soul's rest
 Of tardy Penitents ; or for the best
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
 Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
 Who, *to that service bound by venial fees,*
 Kept watch before the altars of St. Bees."

"Were not, in sooth, their requiems' sacred ties
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
 Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?
 The prayer for them whose hour was past away,
 Said to the living, Prosper while ye may !
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees."

Such are the verses :—now for the note.

"The author is aware that he is here treading upon tender ground ; *but to the INTELLIGENT reader he feels that no apology is due.* The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed ; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results ; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy ; but no reflecting person can view without sorrow the *abuses* which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy ; *they* were, at first, sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time."

Now hear another poet. In S. T. Coleridge's *Literary Remains* we have stumbled on this passage—Vol. II. pp. 398, 399.

"Our Church, with her characteristic Christian prudence, does not *enjoin* prayer for the dead ; but neither does she *prohibit* it. In its own nature, it belongs to a private aspiration : and being conditional, like all religious acts not expressed in scripture, and therefore not combinable with a perfect faith, it is something between prayer and wish,—an *act of natural piety* sublimed by Christian hope, that shares in the light, and meets the diverging rays, of faith, though it be not contained in the focus."

Such is the opinion of men with *hearts* to feel and *heads* to judge of this subject, which relates in part to a pious sentiment, and in part to

church discipline. It suffers a state similar to that occupied by the doctrine of Confession, and is equally Catholic with that. Both are privileges and duties which have never been alienated from the worshipper, though at some periods of time usurped by the priest. Such usurpation is the real point in dispute; and not whether it be "holy and wholesome to pray for the Dead," or whether it be prudent for brethren to "confess themselves one to another." Who shall forbid these spontaneities of pious communion? Not all the state-religions on the face of the globe! All that institutional establishments can do, whether national, or would-be universal, is to embody these; and the only question is, how they shall be embodied, so as to formalize them with the least liability of abuse; to maintain, in a word, the equilibrium between love and law, so that the private liberty of the worshipper may not be merged in the despotism of church authority—and the motives of his conscience altogether substituted, nay, anticipated, by the external mediatorship of a supervening priesthood. Man, himself, is primarily the priest—and this primacy of the individual priest must be maintained against all public assumptions of office-bearing, how expedient soever.

This then is the point between Romanist and Protestant,—that the former claims *all* for the priest, and the latter protests against his *exclusive* claim. But in protesting against the exclusiveness of the claim, it was never the intention of the earliest reformers to impugn the claim itself as a common privilege.

The privilege in question, *i. e.* the natural right we have to pray for the dead we love, and the extent to which it ought to be confided as an office to the priesthood—has accordingly arrested the attention, from time to time, of Church disciplinarians.

"In the first liturgy of Edward VI." said Dr. Addams, in arguing this case, "prayers for the dead were inserted. It was only in his second liturgy that, out of compliment to Calvin and Bucer, they were expunged. Bishop Cosin and Bishop Overall both approved of prayers for the dead. Bishop Overall says, 'The Puritans think that here,' referring to the burial service, 'are prayers for the dead allowed and practised by the Church of England, and so think I; but we are not both of one mind in censuring the Church for so doing. They say it is popish and superstitious: I, for my part, esteem it pious and christian.' Here then were prelates of the Church of England approving of prayers for the dead. Really, it was unnecessary to pursue this point further; the testimony appeared to him conclusive. As to the practice of placing such inscriptions on tombstones, he found, in the Cathedral of Westminster, an inscription on the tomb of the Rev. Herbert Thorndike, a prebend of the Church (the date he did not exactly know), to this effect,—*'Hic jacet corpus Herberti Thorndike, etc. Tu, lector requiem ei, et beatam in Christo resurrectionem precare.'* And in the cathedral of *S. Asaph* there was a monument to Bishop Barrow, in 1699, with this inscription,—*'Exuvie Isaaci, Asaphensis Episcopi, etc. O, vos transeuntes in domum Domini, in domum orationis; orate pro conservo vestro ut inveniat misericordiam in die Domini.'* This was on the tomb of a prelate of the Protestant Church. Nor was this an antiquated doctrine. Dr. Johnson was in the habit of praying for his wife, as well as for his father and mother; and this fact was mentioned without censure by Dr. Strachan, the vicar of Islington, who published Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*. Prayers for the dead were not necessarily connected with the doctrine of purgatory: if the Court held that they were, it would lay a strong ground for belief in the doctrine of purgatory itself; for prayers for the dead were in use in the best ages of the Church, and long before the doctrine of purgatory was invented. If the two doctrines were

inseparable, purgatory was the doctrine of the earliest Christians. But Archbishop Usher, in his introduction to his tract on *Prayers for the Dead*, published in *Tracts for the Times*, says,—‘Our Romanists, indeed, do commonly take it for granted, that ‘purgatory and prayer for the dead be so closely linked together, that the one doth necessarily follow the other;’ but, in so doing, they reckon without their host, and greatly mistake the matter; for howsoever they may deal with their own devices as they please, and link their prayers with their purgatory as closely as they list, yet shall they never be able to shew that the commemoration and prayers for the dead, used by the ancient Church, had any relation with their purgatory.’ But he (Dr. Addams), supposed that his learned friends would take their ground upon some expressions in the Homilies, in the third part of the Sermon concerning prayer. ‘Now to entreat of that question, whether we ought to pray for them that are departed out of this world, or no. Wherein, if we will cleave only unto the word of God, then must we needs grant that we have no commandment so to do.’ No commandment to do it. And then it proceeds to connect prayers for the dead with the doctrine of purgatory. But he (Dr. Addams) was not bound to subscribe to all the doctrines contained in the Homilies, or he would be compelled to adopt the doctrines of passive obedience and divine right, and other exploded notions. The Homilies are described in the Thirty-fifth Article as containing ‘a goodly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times;’ but they were not recognized by the best writers as containing unerring expositions. Mr. Palmer, in his *Origines Liturgicæ*, says,—‘When the custom of praying for the dead began in the christian church has never been ascertained. We find traces of the practice in the second century; and either then, or shortly after, it appears to have been customary in all parts of the Church,’—that is, four hundred years before the Romish doctrine of purgatory was ever heard of. ‘The first person who objected to such prayers was Aerius, who lived in the fourth century; but his arguments were answered by various writers, and did not produce any effect in altering the immemorial practice of praying for those that rest. Accordingly, from that time, all the liturgies in the world contained such prayers. These facts being certain, it became a matter of some interest and importance to ascertain the reason which justified the omission of these prayers in the liturgy of the English Church, for the first time, in the reign of Edward VI. Some persons will perhaps say, and he (Dr. Addams) begged the Court’s attention to this, ‘that this sort of prayer is unscriptural; that it infers either the Romish doctrine of purgatory, or something else which is contrary to the will of God, or the nature of things. But when we reflect that the great divines of the English Church have not taken this ground, and that the Church of England herself has never formally condemned prayers for the dead, but only omitted them in her liturgy, we may perhaps think that there are some other reasons to justify that omission;’ and then he states the reason, namely, that they were likely to be abused to the support of the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory. If the Court took the view he (Dr. Addams) did of the case, it would reject these Articles, and leave the party who promoted the suit to his civil remedy against the defendants for the erection of this tombstone without the consent of the vicar.”

Such is the very excellent defence set up for this Romish widow of a Protestant husband, who wished her pious aspirations to be recorded on the tombstone of her deceased lord. With the Homily of the Church of England we may readily agree in opinion, that it is improbable that we can help the dead by prayer; but we must contend for the position that such a prayer has, nevertheless, a beneficial re-action on the sincere worshipper. Of the “unchangeable sentence of God,” we, in truth, know nothing—not even the meaning of the word “unchangeable,” which expresses only a negation, telling us what it is *not*, and not what it is. The affirmation which it implies, that of simple duration, is clearly not exclusive of possibility, which is not only consistent with the idea of

eternity, but is the very idea itself, as will become evident to any one capable of appreciating the axiom, that, in order to creation in the everlasting beginning, there must be, and evermore is, the eternal possibility of creation. Into the bosom of this paternal potentiality are surrendered all those who come not within the filial dispensation of the gospel—a mystery this, into which probably no created intelligence can pierce. Meantime, as we have already asserted, from the earliest period prayers for the departed have been ever among the pious instincts of humanity. That, as declared in the Douay version, the passage in the Maccabees presents us with “evident and undeniable proof of the practice of praying for the dead under the old law which was then strictly observed by the Jews,” there can be no doubt. For the assertion rests not on the inscribed verse in dispute, where the two translations differ (the zeal of protestantism having in the English translation, it must be confessed, not a little marred the sense of the original); but is corroborated by preceding verses, where the translations agree. Let the reader take them in parallel columns.

DOUAY VERSION.

“But the most valiant Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin, forasmuch as they saw before their eyes what had happened, because of the sins of those that were slain.

43. And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection.

44. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead).

45. And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them.

46. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin.

We perceive by the 44th verse (nearly the same in both translations) that the practice is not connected with the corrupt Roman doctrine of purgatory, but with the pure Protestant belief of the descent into Hades, and the resurrection from the dead;—a doctrine which can claim the highest antiquity, and in relation to which Cardinal Bellarmine quotes Plato, Cicero, and Virgil, warping their testimony, however, so as to favour the heretical figment of purgatory. Nothing remains, therefore, but to discuss the temporary discontinuance of a practice in the Protestant, that was always pursued in the primitive Christian and Hebrew churches.

Wordsworth, in the poem from which we have already quoted, alludes to the too-wide-wasting Protestantism of the earliest reformers. He dwells with strong sympathy on the virtues of St. Bees' celibates; and then adds, not in anger but in sorrow, in which every true Christian must join—

ENGLISH VERSION.

“Besides, that noble Judas exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin, for so much as they saw before their eyes the things that came to pass, for the sins of those that were slain.

43. And when he had made a gathering throughout the company, to the sum of two thousand drachmas of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin-offering, doing therein very well, and honestly, in that he was mindful of the resurrection.

44. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead).

45. And also in that he perceived that there was great favour laid up for those that died godly. (It was an holy and a good thought). Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin.”

" But all availed not ; by a mandate given
Through lawless will, the brotherhood was driven
Forth from their cells ; their ancient house laid low,
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow."

* * * *

" Alas ! the Genius of our age from schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.
To Prowess, guided by her insight keen,
Matter and Spirit are as one machine ;
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,
She in her own would merge the Eternal Will ;
Expert to move in paths that Newton trod,
From Newton's universe would banish God.
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teaching of St Bees."

Excessive Protestantism is infidelity : and that Protestantism which would extinguish the instinct for such prayers, is infidel to the heart's best aspirations. It is not because the priesthood have abused or exceeded their office, that the laity are to be deprived of their privileges. This is one which Dr. Johnson exercised, and in which many more, doubtless, have in private found great comfort. The apparent disallowance of it on the part of our earliest reformers, is only to be vindicated on the ground of pressing expediency. What faithful heart can be forbidden the extension of its "*charity to the dead*" ? Verily, none !

Many other things have been excused to the same noble army of iconoclasts on the same plea of expediency, which have nevertheless to be much regretted. We are not fellow-advocates with the writers of the "*Tracts for the Times*," for the extreme apostolical assumptions of a mere *external* priesthood—than which there can be no greater absurdity committed in philosophy or morals—but we are speaking of the legitimate uses of the Church, and the interests of lay-worshippers. Southey, the poet laureate, holds the system of Romish hagiology in all the more abhorrence, because, as he tells us, "of what we have *lost* in consequence of its audacious and impious profligacy." Festivals, in his opinion, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country : it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. The dissolution of religious houses was, also on the same authority, a great evil ; nor is the closing of churches on week-days against the solitary worshipper a benefit. Add to this, the want of clerical discipline. In a word, "*The Reformation*," says Southey, "brought with it so much evil and so much good—such monstrous corruptions existed on the one part, and such perilous consequences were certainly foreseen on the other—that I do not wonder at the fiery intolerance which was displayed on both sides."*

Now this is the precise state of the case ; and, surely, rational Christians, left to themselves, would at least not unnecessarily widen, on such a point as this, the breaches between one church and another. But it is feared that the Church of Rome is gaining ground, and that this act of the widow Woolfrey, is only an insidious trick to introduce a Popish dogma into a Protestant burial-place. It may be so. But

* See for these opinions Southey's *Colloquies with Sir Thomas More*.

the way to counteract such contrivances is not by process in the Court of Arches, on fallacious grounds, by arguments which militate against the primitive feelings of the pious heart (that only true church on earth), and under pretence of checking superstition, to attempt to extinguish natural devotion. Imprudent as well as ultra Protestantism! which must even drag on the consequences that it would avoid. But there is no peril that is worth a tremor. Protestantism has nothing to fear from the church of Rome; for is not Rome herself in a protesting attitude? Does she not in her turn oppose, quite as much as she has been opposed? If there are two opponent, must there not be two protestant, churches?—one, it may be, protesting against corruption, and the other against innovation? Even so. The spirit of Protestantism would indeed survive—yes, if the church of Rome were to become as universal as she desires. For, at the Council of Trent, she shut up herself in articles as strictly as the Church of the Reformed; and is in that sense as strictly scriptural as any other church. What matters it that her scriptures are by a few writings more or less numerous than those of other churches? The seal has been put once and for ever on traditional interpretation: and the Church of Rome is now a church of documents. The controversialists who see not in this fact that Rome has self-abrogated her own spiritual power, understand not the subject. It has been done, we repeat, *once* and for ever. There is no second spring for churches any more than for states.

The philosophical historian must declare, that the Church of Rome had a purpose to serve, which she has effected, and that her commission is ended. She served as the husk which was afterwards to be separated from the grain, but which will no more be re-united with it, than (to adopt Coleridge's simile) the cotyledons which, having performed their functions, wither and drop off, will again support the unfolded leaves, or than the integuments of the seed that have once burst and decayed can ever be restored. Rome gave protection to the Christian faith during certain stages of growth, when she was needed; but her power has gone with the necessity for its exercise. Henceforth her authority is limited within the same boundaries that belong to other churches—not extending beyond certain limits prescribed by ascertained and registered documents. Nor, as a church, does she possess a privilege or an office that belongs not to other churches; only what she claims for the priesthood alone, these demand for every communicant. There is not a pious sentiment in which the Romanist indulges, that is prohibited to the Protestant. Both believe alike in "the holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints;" and that Protestant does ill who, in animosity to the Church of Rome, deprives himself in any measure of the consolations derivable from any or all of these sublime articles of a common faith.

The spirit of conciliation is precisely that which should regulate the conduct of both parties. Nor is it less needed for the church in power than for the church out of power. It was only the other day that a clergyman of the former put himself into a false legal position, regarding a libel on the nuns of Scorton, inserted in *The Churchman*, and of which he was found guilty. On that occasion the judge was compelled by his duty to address the Rev. M. A. Gathercole, in a manner which ought to be a lesson to others. "It is," said Mr. Justice Patteson,

"the duty of a person entering into religious controversy, to take care that he does not cast imputations on particular individuals. You disclaim any thing of this kind, and say you have read accounts of other establishments, believing that the system of auricular confession was likely to lead to such crimes: but this shows that you are either a person of very little understanding, or so devoid of true Christian charity, that you take it for granted, because there are vices in other places, they must of necessity exist in every establishment, and think there cannot be an innocent nun. I grievously lament that a clergyman of the Church of England should be so totally deficient in the brightest jewel of Christianity—Christian charity."

The fewer such rebukes clergymen of any establishment subject themselves to, the better for the cause that they professionally advocate. An unbogotted perusal of Mr. Southey's *Colloquies* might have convinced Mr. Gathercole that, as to nunneries and monasteries, even wise and enlightened Protestants are found who perceive the expediency of similar institutions for the present age, and under the existing circumstances of society; of course, on Protestant principles. On the subject of prayers for the dead, we have only to add, that we see no reason why the laity of any communion should be tricked out of their legitimate use by one priesthood, only because another had abused the precious privilege: a privilege exclusively committed to them, in the wisdom of Providence, only for a time and an end, which has been partially developed, and will be displayed ultimately in a complete and adequate manner; in a form, indeed, worthy of the Supreme Disposer of events, both in Church and State, in man and in nature.

R. U.

CHARKA, THE NAPOLEON OF THE ZOOLUS.

WE yet know very little of Eastern Africa. The Northern and Western parts of that extensive continent have been pretty accurately delineated; and the Southern part has, of late years, been visited by travellers who have investigated its general features. Its almost impenetrable jungles and trackless forests have been partially explored by Barrow, Burchell, and Thompson. Those, therefore, who wish to add to the attainment of science, are exceedingly solicitous to discover its unknown resources.

That section of Eastern Africa which contains the country of the Zoolus, has, until lately, been but very little known. It, has, however, now been explored by several European travellers, who have, on their return, given to the public the result of their observations. It is to their exertions that we are mostly indebted for what we know of these singular nations.

It is impossible to give a *complete* history of Zoolu, there being a total dearth of records fit for that purpose. It is most likely, that when the Zoolus first emerged from the countries of their primitive abode, they were a race of savages living almost entirely by plunder. Of their kings, or chiefs, we hardly know any thing before the time of Charka, who is said to have been the son of Essenzingercona, who appears to have made his way from the land of his ancestors to the *Umfeeroche Umslopee*, or White River (a branch

of the Saint Lucie), and to have there settled, keeping the neighbouring tribes in great terror and subjection.

Charka's birth was thought, by his people, to have been miraculous; and it was therefore generally believed among them, that he possessed superhuman attributes and powers. He was born before his father had undergone the ceremony of circumcision, previous to which they considered it impossible to propagate the species. The accouchement of the mother, therefore, was to them a wonder, and the child a prodigy.

Charka's great abilities soon aroused the jealousy of his father, who began to meditate his death. Charka, however, became early aware of his father's hostile intentions, and fled with his younger brother, Umgartie, to a neighbouring tribe called the Umtatwas for protection. Tingiswaa, their chief, received him kindly, and put him under the care of his dictator. Here he soon distinguished himself among his brother warriors by his superior bravery and agility.

On the death of Charka's father, a younger brother took possession of the Zoolu crown. Charka, of course, was not disposed to allow another quietly to usurp what he might rightly consider as his birth-right, and therefore resolved to dethrone his brother and put himself at the head of the nation.

The new king, however, soon succeeded in driving Charka out of the kingdom, who then applied to a distant and formidable chief called Zovcedie, who was at war with the Umtatwas. This induced Tingiswaa to assist him again (which otherwise he might not have done) in obtaining possession of the Zoolu throne. Not being able, however, to attain his object by force, he resorted to a surer plan. His brother and companion in exile, Umgartie, proceeded to the residence of the Zoolu monarch with a trumped-up account of Tingiswaa having killed Charka and obliged him (Umgartie) to fly for his life and throw himself at his brother's feet for pardon and safety.

This welcome intelligence, as might be supposed, was joyfully received and believed, Umgartie being installed as chief domestic to his Zoolu Majesty. This part of the plot having prospered so well, Umgartie found but little difficulty in performing the rest of his bloody mission. - It being his duty to attend the king when bathing, he had, on a chosen occasion, two of his friends concealed in the long grass by the river-side, who, on a given signal, jumped up and speared the king to death. Upon this, Charka marched, at the head of the Umtatwas, and took possession of the kingdom.

As is usual with the Zoolus, his first act was to put to death all who had had any thing to do with his brother's administrations. Having thus glutted his vengeance, with regard to his domestic enemies, he next turned his arms against his friends. Upon the death of Tingiswaa, he attacked the Umtatwas, the tribe which had afforded him shelter in his exile, and compelled them to submit to his authority, after having destroyed one half of their people.

The Quarbees were the next tribe who were doomed to feel the weight of his victorious arms; and at last he depopulated the whole

line of coast from the Amapoota River to the Ootogale. Equal success attended his excursions among the interior tribes.

Charka being now in the zenith of his glory and fortune, it became absolutely necessary (his numerous victories having placed him at the head of a gigantic nation) that he should turn his thoughts towards the *government* of his extensive dominions.

One of his first cares was to make his forces as efficient as possible. To attain this end, he subjected them to all kinds of privations. He forbade them to marry, restraining them from sexual intercourse, under the idea that it enervated the physical powers, and rendered them unfit for war. He said, that if his warriors had wives, concubines, or children, they would be apt, when in the field, to fix their thoughts on home, and that consequently their duty would be neglected.

In order, also, to render his troops still more firm, he let them have no alternative between either conquering their enemies, or, if they escaped falling into their hands, encountering capital punishment at home. If they returned victorious, he covered them with honour; but if they had been defeated, he branded them as cowards, and they were indiscriminately massacred. This was a master-stroke of policy, and effectually prevented them from running away; for when once engaged in war, there was no safety but in victory; if defeated, their death was certain.

In order to obtain more influence over his subjects, he pretended, as we have said before, to supernatural power. The superstitious notions of the people concerning his birth, not a little favoured the attempt. This power he claimed to have inherited from the spirit of his forefathers, who had deputed it to him. We will give one instance of his skill and cunning in imposing the belief of it upon the people.

The king, arising one morning unusually early, ordered a great number of his favourite black and white bullocks to be killed. The surprise to which this circumstance gave rise, was increased by his further ordering the Inyangers to collect roots to prevent his people from fretting. Then, after calling his warriors to dance until a late hour of the day, he thus addressed them:—

“Warriors! Umbeah* has appeared to me in my sleep, and told me, that my father, Essenzingercona, is very angry with the Zoolus, for losing their fame, and not being *schlanger-nee-pee-lie* (that is “more shrewd or cunning than their neighbours”). He also told me that the nation is getting too large, and requires constant employment, and that there are plenty of enemies yet to conquer, before they can *booser* (make merry) and enjoy themselves.” Charka also said, that Umbeah had added, “that he was living very comfortably under-ground, where all the people who had died were innocently *boosering*, that they had plenty of cattle and fine girls; that there was no enemy to fight, and they therefore enjoyed the society of their girls.”

This astounding dream, accordingly, became the general subject of conversation and wonder to the ignorant and deluded natives.

* A great chief in the time of Charka's father.

All the descendants of Umbeah were created great men; all his good deeds were summed up and recounted, to the great joy of the king and his advisers.

Shortly after this, an old man suddenly disappeared from his hut. According to his wife's account, a lion entered their hut at night and took her husband from her side. The lion's feet were traced to his den, but no blood appeared. When these facts were reported to Charka, he affected to take no notice of them.

Several months had elapsed, when the man suddenly reappeared in the presence of Charka and his warriors in a most strange attire, consisting of a piece of bullock's hide, which covered his hind parts from hip to hip, and fastened at front with pieces of cord thickly studded with brass balls; his hair was long, and worn in a peculiar manner. At first his appearance created some surprise; but, it being ascertained that he was the man who had been so mysteriously taken away by the lion, the chiefs began to investigate the matter. Upon which the man rose and made the following speech:

"Warriors! I am the son of Feteschloo of the Cales, Umfundadguazooloo, who was taken away by the lion, dragged to his den, sunk deep into it, and swallowed by the earth. The lion went with me, and treated me as a mother would her child, until I came to some red earth, where the lion left me. In wandering about, I walked upon earth that trembled and gave way, when I fell into a deeper abyss below. I became insensible from the fall; but, recovering, found myself in a fine country inhabited by *Issetuturs* (spirits). I saw the old people who had died in war, and those who had died at home. They were much smaller than we are; they have plenty of cattle, but all very small: the girls are handsome, and live very comfortably. Umbeah was *Inquose-incoola* and *boosered Carcoola* (he was a great king and enjoyed himself very much), and he was also a great Inyanger. In the night-time he strolled about; nobody knew whither he went; but he always said he went to see his *Umschlobo* (friends)."

The people having the king's dream in their remembrance, knew not what to think of this harangue. Charka, however, pretended to be very angry with the fellow for talking such a parcel of nonsense, and said he was a "*Umtugartie*" (wizard). However, the Inyanger was employed to "*nooker*" (smell), whether the man was a messenger from Umbeah or not; who, after performing all the superstitious ceremonies usual on those occasions (which ceremonies will be fully described in future papers), declared that Umbeah, seeing that some of the people did not believe in the truth of the king's dreams, had commissioned the lion to take a man from among them to confirm it.

This so-called messenger, was, of course, after this, loaded with honours, and wore the dress in which he first appeared, to distinguish him from the other people. But after a while he was taken away by a leopard, and never more heard of.

The whole affair, however, was, doubtless, nothing but a clever imposition, designed by Charka to instil into the people a warlike disposition, and to impress them with a respect for his unseen and unearthly powers. By these means he rendered himself feared

by them, and secured the most implicit obedience to all his decrees.

Charka was for ever meditating some new amusements for his people. Great part of the summer season was devoted to dancing, singing, and composing new songs; for it was thought disgraceful to sing those of the previous year. At this time, the different regiments danced before the king, when they sometimes got presents of cattle.

Having gleaned the harvest, they immediately prepared for war. Before they set out on any expedition, there was a general muster; when every body who had not done his duty, or had shewn any symptoms of cowardice, suffered the punishment of empaling.

It was part of Charka's policy never to let it be known what tribe or place he intended to attack. This conduct shewed great prudence and judgment, as it effectually prevented the enemy from obtaining any information concerning his measures, and completely disarmed treachery. Charka, we may observe, was the only African prince who had seen the advantages of this caution, and found it contribute very much to his numerous victories.

Charka never allowed his troops more provisions than were absolutely necessary to carry them to their place of destination; because, he said, that if they were the conquerors, they would be able to get plenty of food from the conquered; but if defeated they were cowards, and in his estimation worth nothing.

Almost all the kings of Zoolu finish their sublunary course by a violent death, which event generally happens when the monarch begins to exhibit grey hairs,—the Zoolus then considering him as unfit to lead them out to battle. Charka's end formed no exception to this general rule.

One evening, as he was sitting surrounded by his chiefs, admiring his fine herd of cattle, a native called Boper advanced to them with a spear in his hand, and in an audacious tone asked, "What they meant by always pestering the king with false accusations?" This impudent intrusion enraged the chiefs, and they sprang forward in a body to secure him, but were prevented by Umslungani and Dingarn, two of the king's brothers, stealing behind and stabbing him in his back. Charka made an ineffectual endeavour to escape, but was soon overtaken and speared to death. All the people of the king's kraal now fled in the utmost consternation, except the chief Sotobe and his men, who took up their spears as if they intended to attack the murderers, but were prevented by their menacing attitudes.

The murderers seeing them begin to waver, addressed them in the following speech:—

"Know you not that it is the sons of Essenzingercona have killed Charka for his base and barbarous conduct, and to preserve the nation of the Zoolus, the sons of our fathers, that you may live in peace, and enjoy your homes and families; as well as to put an end to the long and ceaseless wars, and mourning for that old woman Umnanty, for whom so many have been put to a cruel death."

They then advanced and took possession of the kraal without opposition, and Dingarn mounted the throne.

We think that Charka has had great injustice done to his memory by the different travellers who have spoken of him. By them he has been stigmatised as cruel, barbarous, and to the last decree wicked. But we have always considered that the habits and manners of the people over whom Charka was called to reign, should be taken into account. He was not the head of a civilised and virtuous community, but of a horde of savages. It cannot then be supposed that he could secure obedience to his commands by any other method than that of force, among a people who recognised no other law than the power of the strongest. The least offence against his authority must be punished with a heavy hand, to prevent others from doing the like. If he once gave his subjects any chance of offending with impunity, he knew not where the mischief might end.

He has also been much blamed for perpetrating what have been called wholesale massacres; that is to say, when a person had committed a capital offence, for not only putting the man himself, but with him all his relations to death. Certainly, in a country like England, where the laws have such strong hold, and their *moral power* is so influential, such a practice would be unjustifiable; but among the Zoolus, who think nothing a sin which can be committed with safety, the case is very different. The relations of the offending party would not consider the punishment as an act of justice; they would merely regard it as an exercise of power, to which necessity obliged them to submit, but which they would think themselves at liberty to resent on the first opportunity. The monarch would thus raise against himself a host of enemies dangerous in the extreme—his own security calls for their sacrifice.

This is a necessity which has been recognised by all barbarous or semi-barbarous nations. The practice is not confined to the Zoolus; it extends throughout every African tribe.

Neither does it prevail only among extremely barbarous nations. Countries, even in a more advanced state of civilisation, have adopted it. We find it enjoined by the criminal code of the Japanese in Asia; and it is doubtful whether the Chinese do not sometimes resort to it. Verily, a thing of so universal an application must have originated from a strong and universally felt necessity.

But to return from this digression. Dīngarn was not suffered to mount the throne without encountering some opposition. Umgaarty, a brother by the mother's side, desired to dispossess Dīngarn, and prepared to accomplish his purpose by force of arms. The history of this individual is somewhat singular.

Umnanty, a savage and masculine woman, was the daughter of the king of the Amlanganes, by whom she was given in marriage to Charka's father, Essenzingercona. This union was any thing but a happy one. The wife was for ever quarrelling with her husband, until she at last so enraged him, that he ordered her to be driven away; upon which she returned to her father's tribe, and then cohabiting with one of the common natives, she became pregnant, and bore this same Umgaarty, who had now attained sufficient power to dispute the crown with Dīngarn.

The king, however, defeated this chief by a successful stratagem. Umgaarty and his forces had proceeded to mourn the death of Charka, when Dingarn's general, Boper, fell unexpectedly one night, or rather morning's dawn, upon his flank, and attacked him on all sides. Although thus taken unawares, Umgaarty's troops fought manfully, and repelled the Zoolus several times; but at last Boper prevailing, made himself, with the assistance of a company of young men just then come up, master of the palace; and having surrounded Umgaarty, that chief at last fell by their hands, not, however, before he had killed eight of his opponents with his own weapons.

This event put Dingarn in undisturbed possession of the crown; and he immediately set about establishing some new internal regulations. He repealed some of the most warlike ordinances of his predecessor, and above all, he allowed his warriors to marry. Indeed, altogether Dingarn is of a much milder disposition than Charka, and more disposed to maintain peace than to make war. Accordingly the Zoolus have lost a great deal of their fame as warriors, and have indeed sustained some considerable defeats.

Here we find that we must, for the present, conclude our account of these interesting people. We have attempted, in this paper, to give a concise outline of their history, reserving for future articles further entertaining enquiries into their religion, customs, manners, &c. The Zoolus are evidently the most important nation of that part of eastern Africa, and, as such, they present large claims to our consideration. They shall not be neglected. S. C.

THE DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.*

THE claims of the "pretended" Duke of Normandy are now beginning to excite some interest in this country, to which the late attempt against his life has not a little contributed. It has always been supposed that the eldest son of Louis XVI. died whilst a child in the Temple; supposed so, we say,—for there never appeared any positive evidence of the fact. With regard to the person who now calls himself the Dauphin, we cannot yet pronounce a definitive sentence. The proofs by which he endeavours to testify his identity are strong—his account of his escape from the revolutionary ruffians at least probable.

From time to time have we heard of impostors, who have pretended to be the unfortunate Dauphin, a fact which of itself proves that the assertion of his death was not generally believed. All of these pretenders have, however, sunk into obscurity as soon as they appeared. This person, notwithstanding, succeeds in keeping his ground, and, unlike those who have thus preceded him, courts, instead of shunning investigation into his pretensions. He has submitted his claims to the competent tribunals in France, and

* "An Abridged Account of the Dauphin, followed by some Documents in support of the Facts related by the Prince. With a Supplement. Translated from the French, by the Hon. and Rev. G. G. Perceval, Rector of Calverton, Bucks. London, Fraser, 1838."

declares his determination to stand or fall by their decision; but the French cabinet, in its wisdom, has thought fit to prevent him from thus establishing his identity, by sending him out of the country. This the English editor of the work before us declares to be a strong corroboration of the prince's statement; since it shows that the French government are afraid of him, knowing him to be really the son of Louis XVI., and to have in his possession documents which, if produced, must put the fact of his birth beyond all doubt. This reasoning acquires weight, from the consideration that every other pretender to the title has been brought to trial by the governments of the time:—witness Richemont, &c. &c. The present is the only instance in which they have endeavoured to stifle all inquiry.

Furthermore, it appears that Mademoiselle de Rambaud, who had the care of the young prince in his infancy, recognises this person as the Dauphin, and openly declares her belief that he is no impostor. This is a corroboration which ought to carry great weight, for surely she ought to know. These, however, are only two corroborations given by the English editor, as further proofs. Into the voluminous statements of the prince himself, filling a volume of 714 pages, we cannot now enter; but we must say, that if he be an impostor, he can be no ordinary one. We never did find deception look so much like truth. But still must we repeat, that we cannot pledge ourselves on this matter: it is a point on which no hasty decision should be pronounced; we are therefore open to conviction on both sides.

If this man be really what he says he is—if he really means all that he writes—if he is really honest in all he says, then does the following passage reflect on him great honour, and leaves us without all doubt as to his patriotism.

“Yes, people of France, it is to the impartial justice of your magistrates that I appeal; it is for you, through them, to judge whether I speak the truth or not. I am here then going to narrate the true history, and to give indisputable proofs of my identity with the most unhappy son of France. I call on you to aid me, *not by resorting to acts of insurrection, which I consider a crime unworthy of me*; may God preserve me from such a calamity! If the possession of my inheritance were to cost the life of one of the least of my friends, it would be too dearly bought. But I appeal to you to restore me to my country, and to secure me a grave in the land of my fathers. If you refuse me both of these, you will add to my misfortunes, that of seeing my lawful rights rejected by the perversion of your sense of justice. *I am not come to France to put forward my claims to the crown.* No! no! The true son of the Martyr King could not ascend that throne, where his faltering steps would be every moment arrested by the blood of his relatives. How could he secure your happiness, when he would be engrossed by his own sorrows! Sorrows, alas! which can never cease, since they will descend with him to the grave. * * *

I ask for nothing but my civil inheritance; that is to say, the private property which belonged to the royal family of France before the first revolution. No government has a right to deprive me of this inheritance.”

Thus we see that the assumed prince has no intention of plunging France again into the horrors of a revolution; he no longer wishes to ascend the throne; all he wants, is to have his civil right restored to him, as any other subject. It is in this he speaks from his heart; but we will say no more; our readers will judge how much dependence is to be placed on his promises.

In translating the Dauphin's account of his misfortunes and claims into English, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. G. G. Perceval has declared, that his sole motive for so doing, is simply to present a most interesting historical question before the public, not to disturb the government of France. The misfortunes experienced by the royal family of that country, he says, excited in his breast the most painful interest. Of this melancholy chapter of royal suffering, no part seemed to him more truly shocking and revolting, than the treatment of the illustrious martyr's children: especially of the young prince who had the misfortune of being heir to his father's crown; the brutal treatment of whom, he continues, gave rise in his breast to feelings of inexpressible disgust against the "human demons who were his persecutors"—feelings which only subsided, under the belief that he had passed through these tribulations into a better state, and had been united, without fear of another separation, to those of whose tenderest affections he had ever been the cherished object.

These sentiments are commendable; and we believe will be participated in by every friend of humanity. As for the rest we are glad that Mr. Perceval has translated the book, for as a collection of documents relating to an important historical question, the volume is valuable.

We cannot do better than conclude this article with some observations made in the French preface, on the inscrutable decrees of Providence—and on the direful effects of Divine wrath when provoked by repeated offences against its just decrees.

"If the reader," says the writer, "should feel within him a righteous indignation against the relentless persecutors of the prince, or if he should detect some little murmurings against that Providence which has suffered an innocent victim to groan under such a long oppression, let him call to mind this terrible threat of Scripture, 'I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children even to the fourth generation.'

"Monarchs, like gods upon earth, have thought themselves free from every restraint, and provided they have kept clear of tyranny, their dissolute morals, the source of national corruption, have been applauded; but the judgment of the Most High is very different from that of man, and they who think themselves mighty against him, require with might to be chastised. In vain does Louis the XIVth, cover the scandal of his adulteries with the royal robes. By the side of that disgraceful offspring, his legitimate descendants will in his old age disappear. And lest the judgments should pass unobserved, it is in the hereditary line that three generations are in an instant overwhelmed.

"Spared as if by over sight, Louis the XVth, far from profiting by a lesson so severe, outdoes if possible his great-grandfather's

immorality; his son dies without coming to the throne, which his grandson only occupies to pass from it to the scaffold; the eldest son of this latter already awaited him in the tomb.

"Spared also like Louis the XVth, Charles Louis Dauphin of France, has no better habitation than a dungeon. Misfortune seized him in his tenderest infancy. If Providence leaves him to breathe awhile, it is only that, by becoming the father of a family, he may offer new victims to inexorable justice; it is only to satisfy, by pangs of hunger, the extreme rigour of the Lord's vengeance in the fourth generation.

"A victim from his very cradle, his sufferings were long an impenetrable mystery to him; his reason rebelled against unmerited afflictions; now that he understands it, it is only by humble solemn submission that he can soften the rigour of divine justice.

"Now therefore, O Kings! receive instruction! learn, ye people, what are the chastisements of the Almighty. And you, reflecting reader, recognise in this inexplicable series of misfortunes the indelible stamp of legitimacy."

We wish that this had been less French and less fine; but there can be no doubt that the writer sincerely thinks himself to be the Dauphin. That Monsieur Le Baron de Capelle should have taken the absurd interest that he appears to have done, concerning the attempt on the life of the claimant, is, to say the least of it, extraordinary. Why so solicitous to spread the report, that the assumed Duke of Normandy had procured, or attempted his own colourable assassination?—and why so unwilling to stand by the consequences? Who is Mons. G. Aiguillon, the author of the disgraceful letter to the publisher of the volume that has excited these brief remarks?

AUTHORS AND ACTORS;

OR,

LIBRARY COLLOQUIES, AND GREEN-ROOM DIALOGUES.

1.

GREAT is the power of books in the estimation of reading men; nor small in theirs who read not. Two magics, the black and the white, have been supposed their property by the latter; and more than magic implies is known to belong to them by the former. No wonder that spiritual influence has been attributed to their possession, since it would be hard, even in the abstract, to tell how that which they impart is imparted—how those barren signs should suggest sounds—sounds communicate words—words communicate thoughts—thoughts, ideas—and ideas—what? Being and God! Would we raise a Spirit?—take up a book, and one stands face to face with us, even the spirit of the writer. The ghosts of the dead, and the wraiths of the living, are with us, equally! In a word, every one who reads a book is a ghost-seer.

Our library is to us a land of enchantment—an isle of necromancy; like that of Prospero, peopled with the supernatural, and full of sweet sounds and noises, that give delight but hurt not. It is the palace of vision, and the chamber of dream. Things of beauty haunt it which are joys for ever; aerial things, and godlike shapes, and virgin loves, and infant fancies, and cherub imaginations, and seraph principles—adorations and glories, ardours and powers and thrones—genii and demons—demigods and gods. And with all these we converse, and intermingling embrace—immortalities and shadows that are realities, and realities that are shadows, and both ideal. We are in another world—even the World of Books!

To read is to sleep; to sleep?—perchance to dream! To read is to die;—and then what dreams do come? To sleep?—to die? Ay, to the ordinary and every-day world; escaping from which, we find ourselves in another: and that other—a world even after our own mind. For we hold this to be the true faith in regard to books, that every man reads himself in the book that he peruses. No two men ever read the *same* poem; but to every man the same apparent types in the same apparent order of arrangement, present, in reality, a different picture, reflecting, as in a mirror, the condition of his inmost self. It is but a glass in which he views his own likeness. He who would commune with his own heart and be still—let him take up a book—and read!

Even thus it is with us; and speaking from our own experience, we would add, that no man ever reads the same poem twice. With what different feelings have we at different periods perused the apparently same printed volume, and found therein more or less, or other, at this time than we had at that, and sometimes nothing at all. Shakspeare's *Hamlet* has not always been pregnant to us, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has sometimes proved no "open vision," but a blank void. What wonder, when even the unidea'd worldling looks not always on earthly things with none or the same emotions. Strong is creative passion, and will give life and utterance to moon, and star, and sun—to hill, and tree, and stream, which at other times are mute as the deserts of Hades, and dumb as the wilderness of the unborn.

We are a magician, and can make all these things as we like; for us our wishes are realised facts. Facts? Not things done to us, but what we do: these are the only facts. We are a factor—a doer. Your poet is your only actor: but this is a truth for the initiate. We cast not pearls before swine.

One of these facts has happened to us, or we to it—while looking earnestly through the *late* series of "THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE"—anxiously desirous of discovering, by much investigation, the Spirit of it. By a magical exercise of the will, as it were (the magnetical period of twenty minutes having elapsed), we saw distinctly as possible the well-natured and happy countenance of the late editor peer up through the pages. Every word, letter, each particle of type, formed itself into a portion of his features—then of his bust, gradually produced—and at length of his whole person. We were like Faust, when first visited by Mephistophiles; though this was not our first visit from Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, but it was the first in which he had come in a manner supernatural, or preternatural, whichever would best describe the action and the law of the species of apparition, of which an example was granted to our editorial experience.

"You do not expect," said he, taking up the subject of a former conversation, "to enter on your new duties, with such lofty assumptions, without considerable opposition?"

New Editor. Opposition? Principles such as I shall advocate have, in general, outsoared all opposition, being in themselves not only positive, but (if the word may be allowed) *pro*-positive; and, when legitimately worked out, reconciling the very elements of antagonism themselves, in the production of an artistic unity, which the artistic acknowledge as the proper offspring of true legitimated art.

Old Editor. But, envy! There is one writer who will never forgive you for having been "classed, in a minor periodical, with those great poets, Milton and Wordsworth."

New Editor. He cannot be more displeased with the fact, if it be one, than I am.

Old Editor. How?

New Editor. I take it as no compliment. I would rather stand alone. I come after the poets named. Unless what I do shall be something other, or better, than they have done, I must needs be inferior to them as a man and an author; if the same, or worse, then am I a despicable imitator and essayist, and not worth the man's anger.

Old Editor. You will astonish him.

New Editor. He is easily astonished. But I forgive him—for his wrath proceeds from an error, not of judgement, but of belief. He suspects me of having written, anonymously, certain animadversions on his own productions, by which the sale of certain volumes has been ruined. It is a mistake—I never sanctioned even such a course of proceeding.

Old Editor. He takes you for the most truculent of critics and of persons.

New Editor. He misjudges whom he knows not—the gentlest of mortals, and the meekest of writers.

Old Editor. Nevertheless, you express yourself with energy.

New Editor. I do, in the advocacy of principles: I speak of these boldly—without fear, without favour; as one standing between God and man, charged with the interpretation of truth. But I condescend not to personalities—no, not even when attacked. If I speak now, it is not for my own sake, but for *his*. A choleric temper always manifested will eat at last into his own heart—failing of effect on any other. This it must do, because of the world's familiarity with it, and consequent contempt for it.

Old Editor. For my part, I wish you every possible success.

New Editor. And I am proud of your experienced approbation, and shall be happy in your generously promised assistance.

Old Editor. You care not, however, for the squibs and crackers of the press.

New Editor. They are mainly serviceable as advertisements—they attract attention. The sale of a work depends on its intrinsic merits, or extrinsic attractions. Neither are made by critical notices. These are but echoes, and in all cases of success 'denote a foregone conclusion.' Where they do not, no success follows.

Old Editor. I am happy that in our present relations I can give in my adhesion to the new standard without suspicion of temporizing; since, long previous to our personal acquaintance—I mean, in the last April No. of the "Old" Monthly—I praised highly your lecture on *Poetic Genius as a Moral Power*.

New Editor. You were one of the few critics who understood me. I am sure that it was not in reference to you, as supposed by some carpers, that the proprietors of this work considered, that an advantage belonging to the new editorship would be gained, in the fixed and permanent principles on which the *Monthly Magazine* would be now conducted. No! the assertion was doubtless made in regard to periodical literature in general, which hitherto has been as the weather-cock to the wind. No, sir!—you have shown a mind of far higher aims; and in your tales I recognise a vein which only wants working to be profitable.

Old Editor. Your principles, so admired by me, whatever critics may think of them, are spreading fast and widely. See, in proof, a pamphlet which we have had by us now for some time, and have much admired.

New Editor. "Poetry as an Universal Nature; a Lecture delivered 8th June, 1838, at the Town Hall, Grimsby, for the Mechanics' Institution of that place; to which is added, The Poet, an Ode. By J. Westland Marston."

The author tells us, that it would not be matter of great surprise to him, if the singular subject of his lecture should excite some little feeling of wonder and curiosity;—"Of poetry (he proceeds) as mere mechanical versification—of poetry, as figurative language—of poetry, as a heterogeneous mass of tropes, hyperboles, interjections, and similes, we have, I believe, not unfrequently heard; but of poetry, as the life of high and glorious principles in our being—of poetry, as a nature, which is universal as vitality itself—of poetry, as an inheritance, to which the man of mean station and unenlightened mind may prove a title, indubitable as his who can boast a rank the most elevated, and an intellect the most unlimited—of poetry, according to this interpretation, little indeed has been heard; and the endeavour to make manifest its right to the pre-eminent distinction which I unhesitatingly claim on its behalf, is a task, to accomplish which my will may be greater than my power; but in no

event can I regret the devotion of my energies to this labour, because, however unsuccessfully employed, I feel that the mere *attempt* to support the affirmations I have to make on the subject, will be an honour and a reward above my deserving.

"I regret, in some degree, that in explaining a new theory regarding poetry, or rather, in reviving an old one, I should want the sanction of age and experience. When one so young as myself presumes to assert positions which are somewhat extraordinary, and recognized by a comparatively small number, the kindest and most partial auditor is apt to inquire, whether the speaker's views are not more formed by enthusiasm and imagination than by reflection and judgement? My answer, however, to such an interrogatory would be briefly this:—The elements of my creed are so simple, that they may be understood by the commonest apprehension, although sufficiently sublime to elicit the sympathies of the most acute and expanded minds; so that while the sage may study, with improvement and delight, its lofty precepts, its alphabet may constitute the language of an infant's heart.

"What is poetry? We reply, love, beauty, and truth. What is a poem? The lovely, the beautiful, the true. It is essential that we distinguish between the poetry and the poem: poetry is the cause, the poem the effect; poetry is the active life which manifests itself in various forms, the poem is its manifestation in one.

"We shall now consider poetry as an universal nature.

"Poetry as an universal nature: 'What!' you will exclaim, 'do you mean to affirm that every one is a poet?' Not exactly so, but we mean to affirm that every one *may* become a poet. We affirm that the elements which constitute a poet are common to every human being, although in the mass their operation may be thwarted and obstructed.

"'And how,' you ask, 'do we prove that poetry is common to all?' We prove it by the universal law in creation, that whatever sympathises is precisely the same nature as *that with which it sympathises*. In the external world, one drop of water *sympathises* with another, and the two *unite*. By no process of chemistry could you compel water to coalesce with oil, because being of different natures they cannot sympathise. In actual life, you behold the intellectual man seeking the society of intellectual men; because the intellect in one sympathises with the intellect in the others. We might continue the parallel, by bringing before you all the various classes and coteries of life, and we should find in every individual, who helped to constitute a particular class, a feeling common to all its members—in fact a sympathy."

While perusing this passage, the spiritual apparition of Mr. Reynolds gradually faded from our attention, and at last from our vision. A new spirit emerged—that of the Lecturer, whose eloquent prelection we were perusing.

"Mr. Marston," we remarked, "that chemical simile of yours is hardly correct—water and oil have been blended."

J. W. Marston. No; both have been destroyed. The introduction of a third ingredient has effected an analysis of the other two.

Editor. No—only of one. The oil, but not the water, is decomposed. It may be done in two or three ways. For instance: when potash is mixed with water and oil, the oil is decomposed and becomes resolved into margaric, and oleic acids, and glycerine; and these unite with the potash, and thus become miscible with water. However, you are a better metaphysician than a natural philosopher. You understand poetry, at any rate, and deserve credit for believing, that whoever sympathises with poetry possesses the same feelings that animate the poet: *ergo*, poetry is an universal nature. Why are not all poets?

J. W. Marston. To such a question, alas! but one reply can be made:—"Instead of yielding our obedience to poetic laws, we are, as a world, constantly rebelling against them. Poetry is love: we love not, or love only in a selfish form, and in a concentrated sphere. How few of us are willing to bestow

even the cup of cold water! How few of us are seen administering food to the poverty-stricken, aid to the sick, and consolation to the mourner! How comparatively few are the friendships we form, and the sympathies which we elicit! Does it not prove how little practical obedience we yield to love's beneficent laws, that whilst we may be surrounded by, and live in the midst of, a population of thousands, our friends seldom amount to a fiftieth part of the number? We allow conventional usages and the etiquette of a false system of society to prevent an unrestricted communion with our brethren. 'Some,' it is deemed, 'are too poor, some too ill-bred, and some of an opposite political creed.' We allow these petty external forms to divorce immortal natures. Wedded to outward distinctions, the fashion of a day, we are strangers to the identity of our being; we live the mere puppets of circumstance, and die without having discharged our high mission of love, the bond-slaves of paltry contingencies.

"If we are then in the habit of offering obstructions to the manifestations of love in our being, it follows as a necessary consequence, that beauty and truth, the remaining elements of poetry, will represent themselves in a faint ^{would seem} effect manner; for beauty is the child of love. In the proportion that we are under the influence of love shall we be disposed to behold the loveliness or beauty of external creation, which after all is but a type of the great original within us. This is no crude and unsubstantiated theory: I will make it matter of personal experience with you—I will ask you whether you cannot recall any period to your minds, when being under the influence of angry and resentful feelings, though the sky may have been most clear, the earth most verdant, and the air most serene, you have been unable to feel the beauty or to contemplate the charm of these external conditions. Yet have there not, on the contrary, been seasons when, under the influence of love and affection, the most common and perhaps seldom noticed prospects have appeared invested with a light and a glory never before observed in them? Yes—love is the life in all feelings. The delight we experience in the view of outward nature is but the exhibition of love or sympathy in the perceptive form. The intelligence which 'telleteth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names,' is but an intellectual manifestation of the love which 'healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' The beauty in an object depends not upon itself, but upon him who beholds it. Therefore to see aright that which is lovely, we must be under the dominion of love.

"That upon which this perception of the beautiful depends for its permanency is truth. The true man is he who surrenders himself habitually to the teachings of conscience; for if there be a law of love in his being, of which he is conscious, but which he only obeys at times, his best sympathies and perceptions will be transient and unstable. Truth is therefore requisite to make man *habitually* a poet: most men have what they term 'better moments,' when the poetic triumphs over the selfish. These seasons are the results of a temporary obedience to the high internal nature. Truth, however, is that law which *incessantly* demands this obedience: how seldom is it rendered! Our seeing is—O, how frequently!—above our being. We are *false* representations of our belief, and are to be numbered amongst those 'whose life is a lie.' If, then, having love, beauty, and truth—in one word, poetry, within us, we disregard its laws and resist its operations, are we to be surprised that we fail to become poets?

"To be poets, we must be the subjects of poetry; her law must be our rule, her breath our inspiration; we must depose from the throne of the heart, the usurper, Self, the tyrant whom we have installed therein; we must banish him from the realms of the soul; we must sacrifice every association connected with him at the shrine of the legitimate sovereign; every trace of his power must be offered up; for it were mockery to present the divine poetry in our being (insulted too long) with a partial and limited homage."

Editor. Very well, our good friend! you are an orator—but we cannot permit you to say anything more at this time. Hey, presto! at the word—

you fade—and what seemed corporal of you has melted like—— Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knt., your most obliged servant!

Sir Martin Archer Shee. The conversation you have just held was so much in accordance with the sentiments delivered in my Address, which now lies in quarto dignity beneath your elbow—

Editor. Where? Here! Yes—I see.—(*reads*) “Address to the Students of the Royal Academy; delivered before the General Assembly, on the Distribution of the Gold Medals, 10th December, 1837. By Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knt., President.” * Very good.

Sir M. A. Shee. I could not help, I say, yielding so far to the influence of the conversation just concluded, as to make some attempt to bring to your mind the cognate sentiments on the subject in my address.

Editor. With all the rest of the world, at the present time, you believe in a New Era; and for yourself, find evidence and illustration of it in the change of site now occupied by the Royal Academy.

Sir M. A. Shee. The change which has taken place in the local position of the Royal Academy naturally leads to a consideration of its past and present state. The period of its establishment in its new abode is destined to form an era in its history; on arriving at which, we pause for a moment to review the course which has been hitherto pursued, and calculate the chances which, in its future progress, may facilitate or impede the great object for which it was originally founded—the promotion of the Fine Arts.

Editor. You hold, I perceive, that Reynolds still stands unrivalled at the head of the British school; and Hogarth and Wilson may, in many respects, contest the palm with the most eminent of their successors.

Sir M. A. Shee. But, in every department of Art, a powerful mass of talent has been created which is creditable to the genius of our country, and which seems only to await a fit opportunity, and an appropriate stimulus, to start forward with success in the noblest race of renown. A new art, also, may be said to have sprung up amongst us. The imitation of Nature, through the medium of Water-colour on paper, has assumed a character and efficiency unknown to former ages: a power has been displayed which appeared hardly compatible with the nature of the materials employed in its exercise; and with rapid strides this department of art has advanced to a perfection which at once surprises and satisfies the beholder, who doubts, in his admiration, if higher excellence can be hoped for or desired.

Editor. We cannot agree with you, Sir Martin, as to the improvement of the public taste; it has not kept pace with the progress of any art. The reasons are obvious. The public taste has had its leaders—and these leaders have betrayed their trust. Pseudo critics have made a waste, where they should have cherished a garden. Demand of your historical painters, what they think of the public taste? or, perhaps, rather what they know of and concerning the patrons on whom artists depend for support? Look at the last three or four years:—during that time have Etty and George Patten met with the guerdon that they had a right to expect? Not they! not they!

Sir M. A. Shee. The cultivation of the public taste, certainly, has not extended to the fullest desirable extent—still something has been done. Not only have the connoisseur and the collector obtained a sounder judgement in art, than that which had hitherto prevailed in the circles of *virtu*, but a considerable degree of information on the subject has been generally diffused among the educated classes of the community. Though a cultivated taste has not yet become an essential attainment in our system of national education, yet ignorance of the Arts is considered to denote a want of refinement; and is now rarely avowed in respectable society without some sense of humiliation.

Editor. Yet, where are your purchasers? and what are your artists to do without them?

Sir M. A. Shee. Too true—not even the Academy can produce patrons! It

may cultivate the powers of genius, but it cannot employ them. Of all the competitors for fame, the artist is the least fortunate. Dependent on extraneous circumstances, and requiring a co-operation of aids and accommodations which, though essential to his purpose, he cannot always command, he requires every sort of encouragement. The Architect will plan his building, the Sculptor will prepare his model in vain, if nobody requires the erection of the one, or the execution of the other. The Painter cannot, like the Poet, as Johnson relates of Savage, compose in the street, and beg, from the first shop within his reach, the means of transcribing his effusions. The painter depends more on time and place; he must wait for opportunity and patronage. Barry justly observes, that "Raffaello, Michael Angelo, and the Caracci, could not have produced their wonders without the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, and the Farnese Palace; but Milton's poem required neither a palace nor a prince."

Editor. Public exhibitions are more useful in giving the needful tone to the public mind, than in forming the artist's. Genius requires no model but nature—were it otherwise, no other models would have existed.

Sir M. A. Shee. True. Great works, presented to us in the full blaze of fame, would seem rather to paralyse than inspire. Our faculties are awed before the idols of time and authority; and the rational respect which is due to preceding merit, degenerates to superstitious veneration. Moreover, experience, in every age, has proved that Art advances with a steady pace, as long as she fixes her regards faithfully upon Nature. She retrogrades from the moment when she turns her eye upon herself. Yet to this fate, by a Narcissus-like fascination, all arts would seem to tend; and the progress of the human powers is obstructed, not so much by the defect of their weakness, as by the misapplication of their strength. The study of Nature leads to originality and excellence;—the study of Art to mediocrity and imitation. The one forms the Poet and the Painter; Authors and Artists are the production of the other.

Editor. Excellent remarks! That the artist takes the wrong direction, is due to the perverted courses of criticism, which, judging all at the outside, always judges wrongly.

Sir M. A. Shee. The critic, indeed, expatiates so learnedly on the wonders which have been wrought in past times, and holds them up to the admiration of the present, in such a strain of fanciful refinement and rhapsodical exaggeration, that the works of Men are allowed to supersede the great model which they represent, and we are taught to turn our back on the real object, to study the reflection. An age of criticism, indeed, seems not to be favourable to the operations of genius. Homer little suspected that the caprices of his fancy were to become the fetters of his posterity.

Editor. We shall yet have new Homers and Shaksperes, who will give laws, not take them. Artists will yet arise who shall assert the independence of genius, and, while they drink copiously from the streams of knowledge, shall feel it to be their privilege and their duty to trace them to the source from which they flowed. While they will profit by the merits of other times, they will refuse to be bound by their authority, and will surpass, because they look beyond them.

Sir M. A. Shee. That was certainly the case with Michael Angelo and Raffaello—Titian and Correggio, who have never since been excelled, because they have been always imitated.

Editor. And only because of that. Sir Martin! we shall have new Michael Angelos—Raffaelles—Titians, and Correggios!

Sir M. A. Shee. When we consider the rich and luxuriant tracts which the natural taste of Shakspeare led him to explore, we surely have some reason to rejoice that he travelled without a guide,—that no books of the road were found within his reach,—that no critical finger-posts had yet been set up in his time, to lure him into beaten paths, and hackneyed highways. There is little credit to be obtained in going over the same ground where others have preceded us, and we can only follow in their footsteps. One happy invention is worth a thousand imitations; and I do not envy the ambition of him who

would not rather be an original Hogarth, than a second-rate Raffaele or a mock Michael Angelo.

Editor. The National Gallery is in fearful proximity to the Academy's Exhibition. We shall perpetrate an article on this subject.

Sir M. A. Shee. The Exhibition of the National Gallery consists of a selection from the labours of three centuries,—of works culled from every school that has existed since the revival of the Arts, and anxiously rescued by taste from the general wreck of time. Although the merits of many of the productions thus carefully transmitted to our day do not entirely justify their celebrity, and others must be considered rather as supplying the illustrations of the history of the arts for the antiquarian, than examples of their perfection to the artist, or the amateur, yet all are invested with a character of excellence, and regarded with that unquestioning reverence which the superstition of taste is ever ready to pay to pretensions which appear to be sanctioned by the authority of time.—The Exhibition of the Academy, on the other hand, is formed from the contributions of a single school,—a single city,—and, in almost every instance, of a single year. It is necessarily regulated on principles which forbid any fastidious severity of selection, and which render exclusion invidious. The works of which it is composed, too, are not always the best productions of their respective authors, but such as the ordinary course of their professional engagements, and the good pleasure of those who employ them, may chance to supply. Thus circumstanced, our annual exhibition might reasonably claim to be regarded with some indulgence; yet the prepossessions of the public taste are seldom in its favour. Those who have no confidence in their own judgment, are still distrustful of native talent; the pretender to taste thinks it safer to depreciate than to praise; mediocrity finds little mercy, and even the highest merit can expect but a cold and hesitating commendation.

Editor. It is the same in literature, too;—all the same, to a tittle, Sir Martin! I have been exceedingly pleased with your remarks on the apparently sombre hues of old pictures, only because they are old, and the apparently gaudy hues of new pictures, only because they are new. Some thing, however, comes out of these accidents which is of more than accidental benefit;—a medium of colour, better than either, may be conceived—and once conceived, presented in execution.

Sir M. A. Shee. The mistakes of the amateur on this topic are extremely mischievous. There is, in consequence of them, a disposition rather to tighten than to relax the reins by which the fiery steed of genius has been too long confined to the regular paces of the School. The amateur, meanwhile, shows some desire to supersede the artist in his function of leading the public taste, and claims a right of interference and control in his operations which, I conceive, would at once reduce him to the level of a mechanic, and make his art a trade. But surely a pretension of this kind cannot be reasonably sustained. The Poet and the Artist, when operating in the true spirit of their avocations, must always exercise more influence on the public mind than the critic or the connoisseur.

Editor. The Poet?—yes, we *have* poets in our day, both foreign and domestic. Esaias Tegner—for instance—No sooner had we pronounced the words, suiting thereto the action, also, by taking up “Axel, from the Swedish of Esaias Tegner, by R. G. Latham, M. A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge,”*—than the eloquent rhymester and orator on Art, like the spirits who had preceded him, vanished. In his place, we saw the reverend Latham—not in his canonicals, but in a plain suit of sober black—seated by the library fire, and heard him sing or say—in fact, churning a chaunt—like this:—

“I love the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory;
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story.

* London: T. Hookham, Old Bond-street, 1838.

For he was blythe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue, and belts of gold.
O! reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light;
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff, and swords of giant height."

Editor. Sweden, although long considered by the South of Europe as the land of poverty and rudeness, is not destitute of meritorious poets. Among these, Esaias Tegner stands pre-eminent. His "Frithiof's Saga" is one of the boldest, and, in many respects, the best, of the Swedish poems. Its metrical arrangement is new and curious. There has not, we believe, been any thing like it in any other language.

Mr. Latham. You may begin with the title-page. Instead of the notifications generally contained in that indispensable part of a printed book, he gives us a vignette representing the heroine, and a stanza of the poem affords an idea of the subject of the succeeding work. The requisite information as to the name of the author, publisher, &c. &c., being ousted to the last page. The Saga is divided into twenty-four cantos, of which none are very long, while some are excessively short. Each change of scene is accompanied by a change of canto; and each canto has a metre of its own, and consequently there are twenty-four different kinds of metre in this singular production.

Editor. Nor was this all. There were some novelties attending its first appearance. The last nine cantos were printed at Stockholm in the years 1820 and 1822, and were afterwards followed, in 1825, by the fifteen previous ones; truly a reversal of the usual order of publication.

But our business now is with "Axel." The picture of the Old Warrior, with which the poem opens, is fine:—

"He seemed like some triumphal pillar,
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years."

This, and other parts of the poem, are evidently in the style of Byron's *Mazeppa*—but, as Esaias Tegner is a bishop, his hero conducts himself with the propriety befitting the cloth.

Mr. Latham. The tale of the hapless loves of Axel and Thecla, is supposed to be related to the poet by that ancient warrior—a soldier of King Charles the Twelfth, and runs thus.—The monarch, immediately after the disastrous battle of Pultowa, gives a letter to Axel, "his henchman brave," saying—

"Bear it to Stockholm. Heaven be with thee still—
And greet, from Charles, the old ancestral hill."

Axel is portrayed as of exceeding loveliness—yes—though, at the same time, "cheery, bold, and wild;"—

'Cheery, bold, and wild;—
At Holofsin his sire had died,
Slain, sword in hand, by Adolf's side;
And left but him, the tent's true child,
With weapon-clang, and warrior-cry,
For matin song and lullaby.
—The rose's dew, that meets the morn,
Was not so fresh as he;
The slender fir, on Dovre's side,
Was not more straight and free.

The lines of his brow would change and play,
Like the clear sky's own on a sunny day;
And, glad though they were, betrayed no less
Of hardihood, than of earnestness.
His eyes' bright azure seemed to be
For gazing at heaven hopefully;
Or for leading him onward, without despair,
Through the fabled gloom of the fiends of air!"

He was of Charles' body guard—men who were trained to scorn of death, and to hardihood beyond their viking ancestors; sleeping on turf or plank, sung to rest by the northern wind, and curtained by the colder sky.

Little they cared for the flame's red aid,
Save for the sake of the cannonade;
Casting light as fierce and dun
As a winter's blood-red sun.
They deemed no battle lost or won,
To lesser odds than seven to one;
And then retreated, soft and slow,
With their faces to the foe.
But harsher laws than these, I ween,
Lay upon those armed men;
Never to look on a maiden's eye,

Never turn ear to a maiden's sigh,
Never to heed the sweet words she said,
Ere Charles, that cold stern chief, was wed.
No matter how soft voices strove
To match the music of the grove;
How lips might mock the rose-bud's hue,
How eyes, the violets steeped in dew;
How breasts might heave for love's sweet sake,
Like floating swan on silver lake—
Vain were eyes, and breasts, and words,
They were wedded to their swords.

Young Axel, while on his mission, is intercepted by the Cossacks, on the "unlimited Ukraine," over which he was shooting like an eagle—nothing less!—and, after battling it bravely—one against twenty—falls—in death—or swoon? Thus doubtfully left, Thecla, a female warrior, passing her native steppes with huntress train discovers him. Lovely she like the morn, and mounted on a "tiger-striped courser"—

She scarcely paused to draw the rein,
But sprang like lightning on the plain:
Each pale attendant checked her horse,
That swerved for fright at Axel's corse.
It lay like an oak on Norway's plain,
Felled by the might of the hurricane;
Crushing, on the spot it stood,
All ignobler underwood.
Bloodless, with his blood around him,
Axel lay, as Thecla found him.
Bent to view him, breathing deep,
Like, as on the Latman steep,
Dian, over the weird sleep
Of the youth she doated on,
Tender-eyed Endymion.
A form of equal grace delayed
The goddess, and the mortal maid.

A little spark of life remained—
She told it by his bosom's swelling:
They made a hearse of oak-tree boughs,
And bore him thence to Thecla's dwelling.
Half in pity, half in prayer,
Thecla sat beside his pillow;
With a bosom beating there,
Like an ocean's billow.
Of the glances cast on him,
Weak, and white, and sleeping,
Each was worth the brightest gem
In a monarch's keeping.
So a rose of Grecia's own
(That lovely world that now lies dead),
Over a giant's statue bends
Its burning blushing head.

Axel, when first he observes Thecla, thinks of his vow to the king; but the natural effect of their situation soon follows—they love!

Eastern maidens ever were
Of sunlit cheek, and raven hair,
In curls as dark as Midnight's own,
And flashing like the thunder-stone.
And Thecla was an Eastern maid,
Child of a sun that knew no shade;
And Eastern fire bore its part
In the mad tide of Thecla's heart;
And spread its crimson o'er her cheeks,
Like Daylight's own, when Morning breaks;
And twined her brow, in lines of gladness,
To wreaths of smiles that laughed at sadness.
Subdued by pride, she seemed to be
An image-head of victory.

On some Valkyria's shield.
A hue like her's, Aurora's seems,
Behind her scarf of morning beams.
Her step, elastic, tripped at ease,

Her tresses singing to the breeze;
The queen of the Oreades
So bounds along the field.
Her guileless bosom knew but truth,
It beat with health, it beat with youth,
Like ocean's waves that love to leap,
Ere morning's breeze has sunk asleep.
A form of love—to that was given
A soul of fire, a southern heaven,
For warmth and light, that steeps the air
With the odorous gossamer
Of the flowers that behold
Summer sunset's burning gold.
A bard might deem that in her eye,
Two spirits strove for mastery;
One proud and fierce, like lightnings sped
From Jove's own eagle's radiant head;
The other gentle as the pair
Of Aphrodite's dove-drawn car.

Axel loves, yet forgets not his duty; and delivers the brief to its appointed receivers. Sweden's honour, however, is nothing to Thecla, who becomes doubtful of her lover's fidelity, and suspects a previous pledge—an earlier attachment,—and resolves, her sex concealed, to enter the Russian army, that she may find her lover in the ranks of war, perchance the shock of fight.

The breast that seemed as frail as glass,
Is shielded by the hard cuirass;
Each raven curl, that seemed to twine
Like tendril of the wilding vine
(As Spartan matron's), grows a braid,
For helm to press, and plume to shade:
And o'er her milk-white shoulders swung
(Where scarfs of silk before alone,
Or huntress-gear, at most, was thrown),
Fell fraught with death, a carbine hung;

Her shining girdle twice drawn round
(A cactus for the charms it bound),
With strings of silk was stretched to bear
The lightnings of her scymitar.
Beneath and o'er her lips appeared
A shade that would have been a beard;
So smirched, those ruby lips did show,
Save that they seemed too fair for woe,
Like roses at a burial,
Flung upon the ebony pall.

Editor. The poet in this place, if I recollect aright the original, throws out some indignant invectives against the Muscovite power.

Mr. Latham.

— Muscovy's proud capital;
Now rapine-bloated, gorged with prey,
The citadel of tyrant sway.
Who boasts of crowns in power like thee,
Acropolis of Slavery?
I say, thou once wast weak and small,
The humblest, most despised of all,

Stunted in stature as in soul.
Lashed by each Kalmuc Czar's control;
Yet even then didst seem to be
As adder in its infancy,
Just old enough for spicen and spite
To brew the venom in its bite.

Thecla arrives at Sweden in male disguise, and takes part in a battle with the Cossacks, on whom the poet in his national wrath heaps his curses like coals of fire. Thus,

— tender Thecla lends her hand
For harrying her Axel's land.

Great power is shewn in describing the fight.

Editor. We cannot help thinking of Sir Walter Scott in perusing it. That the Bishop has read the Baronet needs no ghost to tell us. Axel's charge is described with surprising spirit. The recognition of the lovers is tender enough; but, O translator! somewhat spoilt by ungrammatical rendering. 'It is her,' and 'Yes, it was her,' would spoil the otherwise best passage in the language.

Mr. Latham. I regret my transgression.

Editor. You are pardoned. The rest is exquisite.

Serene and pale
For fear her silver speech should fail,
In broken whispers, calm and light,
She breathed her latest long good-night.
"Good night, my Axel! Death's control
Lies icy cold on Thecla's soul.
Ask not what thoughts, what passions bear
The torn and luckless maiden here,
Whom hope enchanted, love misled—
Alas! how changed, how frail appear,
The things that erst we held so dear,
On the chill confines of the dead.
Oh! love like ours, that heaven gave,
Is all that lives beyond the grave.
Forgive me all—I yearned to know
The cold stern oath that bound thee so;
Now mine—for aye, that oath shall be
Sphered with yon stars, and all for thee;
And then shall Thecla's soul survey
Her Axel's faith, as pure as they.
It was a woman's weakness—such
As hearts may feel that love too much;
Then pardon, for my spirit's state,
Each tear that falls for Thecla's fate.
I have no father, kinsman, mother—
Thou wast my father, kinsman, brother;
Thou wast mine all. Oh! whisper me,
That e'en in death I'm dear to thee.—
I hear it all—thy lips they move
Assurance sweet of deathless love—
Now welcome Fate; that last dear word
Outweighs what years, what lives afford.
Yes, uncomplaining is the death I die;
For brief, though sweet, was Thecla's history.
No earth so suits for grave of maid like me,
As this far land, defended, saved by thee.

"Ere yon faint cloud has passed before
The silent moon, shall all be o'er;
And what was once thy Thecla be
A starry soul that prays for thee.
But thou, where that still maiden lies,
Plant, Axel, some sweet southern rose,
That with the summer sunbeam blows,
And when the winter chills it dies;
Like southern Thecla, laid below
Her Axel's native northern snow:

She bloomed for one short summer's day—
Axel! the cloud has passed away;
Farewell, a long farewell"—she sighed,
And pressed on Axel's hand—and died.

Then started from his hell beneath,
More ghastly than his brother Death,
With night-shade in his tangled hair,
And writhing lip that mocked Despair,
And step that staggered, frenzied eye,
And tooth that gnashed for agony,
Unhallowed madness—Axel's brain
Spins round for her he loved in vain.
A blighted shade of restless gloom,
He wanders wild by Thecla's tomb.

"Be still, be still, ye waters blue!
Ye know not what your voices do.
Whose wind unwelcome, babbling stream,
With blood-polluted chafing wave,
Mars the frail bliss of Axel's dream,
And sings the dirge that suits his grave.
A southern rose's scent was shed
Beside the grave where one is dead;
The foreign child—her clime's glad pride,
Like one that should be Axel's bride.
They say she sleeps, serene and sweet,
With Earth's green lap for winding sheet:
They say she sleeps in silence there,
Till Spring's soft song shall waken her.—
Is love to sleep? But yester-night
I viewed her in her lovely light,
A thin unearthly Spirit, sent
Between me and yon battlement—
As pale as a departed one—
It was because the cold moon shone—
And chill her lip, and white her cheek—
It was because the wind was bleak—
I prayed her pass her fingers o'er
The brow that was so burned before:
I prayed her speak—this breast and brain,
So reft of hope, so scathed by pain,
She touched, and all grew bright again.
Then fast before my eyeballs roll
The infant hours of this lone soul—
Bright as her own unclouded sky,
The morning dreams of memory.

A distant fort, a bower of green,
That she, the loved one, dwelt within;
A castle in a lonely grove—
That castle was the maid's I love.
A bleeding, clay-cold corpse, that lay,
For life to melt itself away—
Remains of one tumultuous strife.
That one sweet kiss restored to life.
Then hope and love shone brightly o'er
The soul that was so dead before:
It grew like her's—glad, warm, and free,
As hearts that grow in love should be—
And all that heart she gave to me.
It now lies stark and still beneath
The freezing, fatal breath of death.

Shine not, ye silver stars, that meet
To shine in concert—mine is set
In seas of blood too red to view—
Methinks this hand grows ruddy too."

So Axel wept on Solaskær—
When day was dawning he was there:
When day was done, and evening came,
Was Axel there; he wept the same.
One morn a lifeless corpse was there:
His hands were clasped as if in prayer;
The tear was standing on his cheek,
Half frozen, for the wind was bleak:
And on the grave of her he mourned,
His cold unclosing eye was turned

While reading the above passage, we thought, somehow or other, no longer of the parson-translator, but of the bishop-poet; so true is it to the original. Little known to this country, Mr. Latham deserves abundant credit for introducing Tegner into our literature. He seems to have taken considerable pains with his version; and even where he comparatively fails in producing an English poem, preserves the spirit of the Swedish.

And have we no poets? A small volume lies before us with the following title:

The Demons of the Wind, and other Poems. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL. London: J. W. Southgate, 164, Strand.

It is evidently the production of a young author, who has but just learned to think for himself, and has not yet quite freed his mind from the trammels of imitation. His versification is perfect—perfect almost to a fault, and, as we think, savours a little too much of the exceeding accuracy of Pope, in whom reason often yielded to rhyme, and sense to sound. The style of thinking, though by no means the thoughts themselves, is after the model of Byron, who is evidently, at least in his earlier poems, a peculiar favourite of the writer. In one of his concluding pieces, however, he has taken a higher flight, and one which leads us to hope, that he has already begun to appreciate a school of poetry which has wisely incorporated an ardent search after truth, and the investigation of the human mind, with the tales and fictions which have for many years formed the staple of English poetry. We will give our reader a few lines of this poem, where the author seems struggling out of the bondage of the mere *intellect* into "the perfect law of liberty" of the reason, though he is not yet entirely emancipated. They are contained in a poem on fancy.

"O 'tis lovely thus to flee
From surrounding misery!
Truth and substance on the eye
Like a phantom glance and die;
All our visions real seem,
'Tis reality's a dream."

The poet appears here yet unable to cast away all his bonds; he could not say boldly, "all our visions real *are*," but his "real *seem*" is evidently a half concession to those whose flag he is happily deserting. Let him not fear, but cast out boldly into the sea of real poetry; and, if we mistake not, he may yet become "a star among the stars of light." We will say but few words with respect to the longer poem, "The Demons of the Wind." It is a good idea, expressed in very smooth verses, and containing many beautiful passages; in it, by means of a colloquy of the Demons of the Wind, he takes occasion to express some very pretty thoughts upon many parts of the world. In conclusion, we heartily recommend this little volume to our readers as one that will certainly afford them an hour's amusement, and some profitable instruction.

Enter (abruptly) FRANK HALL STANDISH, Esq.

Mr. Standish. You were talking of poetry.—Some verses of mine——

Editor. A traveller, I presume.

Mr. Standish. Right; from the shores of the Mediterranean.* My first volume having been received with indulgence by the public, I am encouraged to present them with a second. A work entitled *Constantinias*, printed at Venice in 1824, has been my guide in treating of the ancient remains of Constantinople. In my slight notices of the Granadian Wars I have followed the dates of Zurita, in his *Parlos de Granada*, and Agapida. They differ by several years from those of Irving, but this perhaps is not material to the reader, where the facts and succession of events are the only subjects of interest. To Don Francisco Paula Diaz of Seville, who accompanied me, I am indebted for notes taken during my excursion to Granada and Malaga.

Editor. Your first volume was good. There are many choice passages that might be extracted from the present. I have travelled in thought once before by the shores of the Mediterranean, and can answer for the fidelity of your pictures. You walk the waters, and, as you journey, give us cape and headland, and prospect of town and village,—discoursing, as you pass, of times old and new—of fable and of history—sprinkled every now and then with personal reflections that are delightful.

Mr. Standish. The voyaging historian has wandered not for himself alone; the reader roams with him.

Editor. As I do now—as once did Miss Brackett with Colonel Stone, according to the startling narrative published at New York. She travelled mentally through the air a distance of two hundred miles, but I am with you on the wide, wide sea—the Mediterranean Sea. Such is the power of animal magnetism!

Mr. Standish. Every voyager is an animal magnetist.

Editor. Your words are true; I feel their truth. I am on deck—alas! a poor voyager—sea sickness!—but it has worn off—and I now can rough it out with the best of you.

And verily, we seemed to be all afloat as we said these words, moving as in a dream—for now the ship was no ship, but one of those vessels described by Coleridge, as flashing along—

“—those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!”

Clear enough it soon became that we were not, with Mr. Standish, voyaging the Mediterranean in one of those majestic specimens of our old navy, that swept the waters with a swan-like rise and fall equally beautiful and sublime. No—but we were steaming it away to India† at incalculable speed. Steaming to India? Ah, to India! What have you to say to that? It is practicable, despite all doubts to the contrary. By what route shall we go? Some maintain that the most advisable is by Egypt and the Red Sea, and affirm that it offers advantages not to be foregone. Others prefer the usual course round the Cape of Good Hope. We prefer the Red Sea route. The voyage round the Cape of Good Hope is liable to two objections—two positive objections—first, the distance; secondly, the perils. The Egyptian passage is free from these objections. The course is so direct that it may almost be said to be endowed with a self-propelling power towards the East; and as to the second objection, all the inconveniences which may now be felt, can, will, and may be remedied by the influences of science and enterprise.

You will try to frighten us with the plague prevailing in Egypt, and the

* “The Shores of the Mediterranean. By FRANK HALL STANDISH, Esq.” Vol. II. Black & Armstrong.

† “Steam to India, via the Red Sea, and via the Cape of Good Hope. The Respective Routes and Facilities for Establishing a Comprehensive Plan by way of Egypt Compared and Considered.” London: Smith, Elder & Co.

consequent danger of carrying the infection into England by means of the merchandise, and the personal risk which the passengers would sustain while within the sphere of its influence. Now Dr. Bowring's pamphlet proves that we have all along laboured under a great delusion respecting the contagiousness of the plague, showing from incontestable evidence that *it is not at all infectious*. This sets at rest the argument founded upon that hypothesis, and completely renders unnecessary the evidence which the present writer has collected upon the subject. We wonder he could have thus overlooked Dr. Bowring's pamphlet, when it contains arguments bearing so strongly upon his position.

But then the dangers of passing the Desert of Suez? O, they have been much magnified! Besides, the want of water has, of late years, been removed by the sinking of new wells, and the deepening of old ones. The cry raised about the plundering attacks of the Arabs of the Desert is worthy of no attention, as those casualties are of very rare occurrence; seldomer indeed than similar robberies in many parts of Europe.

The "*Comprehensive Plan*" is required for the steam communication, if to be made efficient; that is to say, it must not be confined only to a single port of India, but, on the contrary, must be extended to many or all. After which would here naturally follow sundry arguments concerning expence, &c. &c., into which we must be excused from entering.

And thus it was that, in imagination, we were carried by steam to India. We felt the moving deck—nor was this altogether fancy. The mystery is soon explained. Our library is constructed on the plan of a diorama, and the floor was, in fact, turning round, that we might witness another scene. We were thus transferred from our book-room to our green-room—a room all verdant,—floor, and walls and roof,—adorned with statue and with bust of Shakespeare and of Jonson—of Beaumont and Fletcher—of Massinger—of Shirley and of Milton, with other immortals too numerous to mention. And there, to our visionary eye, were the managers and actors of all theatres gathered together into one assembly. Every thing was in a state of confusion and wrath—opinions were evidently divided as to the respective merits of Mr. Macready and Mr. Bunn—rivals unparalleled either by one another, or by any third. Disappointed dramatists, also, were present—who, it may be supposed, lent their aid to increase the hubbub of the place and time. We thought it a good opportunity for making a speech, and, having compelled silence with a waive of the hand—thus! addressed one of the most attentive audiences that ever listened to green-room, or green-curtain lecture, in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen,

"We regret to say that you have this month given but little opportunity for the blazon of a Magazine article. To write much on your doings would be, indeed, to 'monster your nothings.' You, Mr. Bunn, have produced Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, with *all* the music, as you advertise—but, in reality, with the greater part only of the music—certain recitations, symphonies, and such like, having been substituted for dialogue, as better fitted for the English stage. A skilful manager, you knew that a five-hours' opera would never be endured by free-born Britons, and wisely abstained from making even Rossini a bore.

Mr. Macready, you have, also, on your boards, produced Rossini's music; but you have done it in conjunction with Mr. Sheridan Knowles's *William Tell*, and this with the approbation of the author. To make room for the mountain choruses—the songs of liberty among the valleys and the rocks of the Cantons—the comic portions of the original drama are withdrawn. These scenes we value, because they first indicated to us the comic powers which the author has since developed so successfully. Let it be, however, that the main action of the play gains in simplicity by the new arrangement, and that it does so, we are willing to allow; and that the musical introductions, all things considered, conduce to the national costume of a Swiss drama;—this, also, we reluctantly not at conceding. Nevertheless, we are afraid of one thing—we are afraid that

the example you have set is of bad omen. Recollect, Mr. Macready ! that you have more means of ruining the national drama than ever Mr. Bunn possessed. Suppose some future manager were to produce Shakspeare's *Othello* upon a similar plan—leaving out the comic scenes between Iago and Rodrigo, and others, and substituting for them the music from Rossini's *Otello*—what then ? You reply, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles's *William Tell*, though called a tragedy, is, in fact, only a five-act melo-drame, and therefore not demanding that regard and respect which belongs to one of the noblest exertions of human genius. It may be so—but still it has been called a Tragedy—and theatrical managers, like lawyers and statesmen, will strain a precedent when it is their interest so to do. Rather would we see thee, O Macready ! bringing-out six new tragedies, good, bad and indifferent, in a season, than thus fatally experimenting on the public taste. This *mixed* kind of entertainment is a corruption—and if persevered in, would indispose theatrical audiences for the pure representation of any piece. Think of this—and be cautious ! ”

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A beautiful landscape—FAUST bedded upon a flowery grass-plot, tired, restless, striving to sleep.

TWILIGHT.

A band of Spirits, beautiful little creatures, hover around.

Ariel (sings, accompanied by Æolian harps).

When the yernal shower of blossoms
Over all things hovering sinks ;
When the meadow's verdant blessing
Shines on all the sons of earth ;
Little elfins' spiritgreatness
Hastens where it can assist ;
Whether holy, whether evil,
Him they mourn whom grief afflicts.

You who around this head in airy circles hover
Show yourselves here, as noble elfs should do,
Within this breast the angry strife assuage,
The glowing arrows of reproach withdraw,
And free his bosom from experienced pain.
Four are the pauses in the night's dark course,
Now fill them gently up without delay,
First place his head upon this pillow cool,
Then bathe him well in dew from Lethe's stream :—
Soon shall his cramp-benumbèd limbs be healed
If he await in strengthening sleep the day.

Perform the noblest elfin duty
Restore him to the holy light.

Chorus (at first singly, then by couples and more, alternating and together.)

O'er this spot, all grass-environed,
 When the genial breezes creep,
 Cloudy veils and balmy odours
 Twilight spreads upon the plain.
 Whisper sweet and gentle pleasures,
 Rock his heart in baby rest,
 And before the tired one's vision
 Open wide the gates of day.
 Night already is descending,
 Stars course stars, a hallowed throng;
 Mighty lights and little sparklings
 Glitter near and shine afar.
 Mirrored in the lake they glitter,
 High in the clear night they shine;
 Sealing bliss of deepest slumber,
 Rules the moon's full majesty.
 Lo! the Hours are now extinguished,—
 Pain and Pleasure disappear.
 Feel the promise! thou'lt be healèd,—
 Trust the new day's coming look.
 Vales are verdant, hills are swelling,
 Hedged around with shady rest;
 And in bending silvery billows
 Towards the harvest waves the seed.
 Wish on wishes to accomplish,
 Look towards the glittering there;
 Flimsy are the bands that hold thee,
 Cast off sleep—'tis but a shell.
 Hesitate not, but be daring
 When the people fluctuate;—
 All the noble soul performeth,
 Comprehends and quickly acts.

(An exceeding great noise announces the approach of the Sun).

Ariel. Hearken! hark! the horal tempest!
 Sounding, for a spirit's hearing
 Born already is the day.
 Rattling creak the rocky portals,
 Clattering roll the wheels of Phœbus,
 What a din the light is bringing,
 How it clarions, how it trumpets,
 Eyes are dazzled, ears astonished,
 Hear not what may not be heard!
 Slip into your flowery petals,
 Deeper, deeper, to dwell silent,
 In the rock, beneath the leaves—
 Hear it not, 'twill deafen you.

Faust. Fresh and living beat the pulses of life mildly to greet the ætherial dawn. Thou, O Earth, wert this night constant, and now, newly refreshed, breathest at my feet: already beginnest thou to surround me with thy pleasures, already movest and excitest a mighty resolution ever to press on to the heights of Being. The world now expands to the glimmering of dawn, the forest resounds with many-voiced life, within—without the valley the mist-streaks are poured, yet the brightness of heaven sinks itself into the depths, and twigs and branches have sprouted refreshed out of the vapoury glen, immersed in which they slept. Colour, also, upon colour, gradually clears itself out of the depths where flowers and leaves drip with trembling pearls:—around me lies a Paradise.

Gaze above! The giant mountain-peaks are already announcing the most solemn hour. The eternal light, that later comes down to us, they can early enjoy. Now upon the green Alpine meadows new sheen and brilliancy is poured, which, step by step, descends on us:—now it approaches; and, alas! already blinded, I must needs turn away, my mortal eyes aching with excessive light.

Thus is it when a longing hope, which trustfully has striven after the highest wish, finds the doors of fulfilment wide open: but if out of the eternal depths breaks forth an over-measure of flame, we stand aghast. When we would kindle the torch of life, a fire-sea, and what a fire! environs us!—Is it love? Is it hate? that glowing winds itself round us, fearfully alternating with pain and gladness, so that we again look down to earth to conceal ourselves in the most youth-like veil.

So then let the sun remain behind me, while I gaze with ever-increasing rapture on this cataract roaring through the rocky clefts. From fall to fall, pouring itself in a thousand and still a thousand streams, it plunges, scattering foam on foam high in the air. But how lovely budding from out the storm doth the changing continuity of the variegated bow vault itself, now clearly outlined, now flowing away into air, spreading cool showers around. This mirrors human striving. Look on *this*, and thou wilt comprehend the other better. In the coloured reflection we have life.

SCENE II.

Imperial Palace.—Hall of the Throne.—Trumpets.

Enter several magnificently arrayed Courtiers.—The Emperor goes up to the throne; on his right the Astrologer.

Emperor. Trusty and well beloved, from far and near assembled, I greet you. I see the wise one at my side, but where is the fool?

Page. He fell down on the step just behind the train of your robe. The lump of fat was carried out: whether dead or drunk, nobody knows.

Second Page. And, lo! another with wonderful rapidity immediately presses forward to take his place; splendidly yet fantastically attired, so as to astonish all: the guards outside crossed their halberts before him, yet here he is—the bold fool.

Mephistophiles (kneeling before the throne).

What is cursed, yet always welcome?
 Always scouted, yet desired?
 What is always well protected?
 What derided and abused?
 Whom dar'st not to call before thee?
 Whom do all love named to hear?
 What now to thy throne approaches?
 What has banned itself away?

Emperor. You may spare your words now. Here is no place for riddles, they are these gentlemen's business. I shall be, however, glad to hear your solution of it. My old fool is gone, I fear me, a long way off; do thou therefore take his place, and come to my side.

Mephistophiles ascends and places himself at his left.

Murmur of the Crowd. A new fool—to our new pain;—where is he from?—how came he in?—The old one fell—he squandered well;—he was a tub,—this is a lathe.

Emperor. Welcome then from far and near, trusty and well-beloved; you are met together under a lucky star, for health and weal are written for us above: but tell me, why now-a-days, when we have freed ourselves from care, have given ourselves up to masquerading, and only desired to be merry,—why we should trouble ourselves with consultations? Well—if you think affairs would not go on without them,—be it so—let it be done.

Chancellor. The highest virtue, halo-like, surrounds our emperor's head, which he alone may lawfully exercise: justice, which all men love, all require, all wish, and all unwillingly miss,—this he has it in his power to award to his people. Yet, alas! of what use is understanding to the mind, goodness to the heart, or willingness to the hand, when every thing in the state is feverishly raging, and evil is ever hatching evil? To one, who from this lofty place looks down upon the wide empire, it appears a heavy dream, where deformity has dominion over deformity, where lawlessness lawfully prevails, and a world of errors unfolds itself.

One man steals flocks, another women; another the cup, the cross, and the candlesticks from the altar, and boasts of it for many a year with a whole skin and uninjured body. Accusers press into the hall, the judge sits in splendour on his lofty cushion, whilst in angry swelling the growing crowd of uproar billows. He who rests upon the most wicked accomplices, may boast of shame and crime, while "Guilty" is the verdict when innocence alone defends itself. Thus will the world tear itself in pieces, and annihilate all that is becoming! How then shall the faculty which can alone lead us to justice, develope itself? Even a well-disposed man at last succumbs to the flatterer and the briber: a judge who has no power to punish at last allies himself to the criminal. I have painted blackly, yet gladly would I draw a thick crape before my picture. (*Pause*). Resolutions must be taken. When all are injuring, and all suffering, majesty *itself* will at last become a prey.

Commander-in-Chief. How it rages in these wild days! Every one

strikes, and is struck; but all are deaf to the word of command. The burgher, behind his walls, the knight, in his mountain nest, have conspired to stand out against us, and hold their powers firm. The hired soldier becomes impatient for his pay, and if we owed him nothing would be off for good. Whoever forbids what all desire, disturbs a wasp's nest; while the kingdom they should protect is plundered and desolated. Their ragings and furious doings are permitted: half the earth is already squandered away: there are, indeed, kings abroad, yet no one thinks that it in any way concerns him.

Treasurer. Who will boast of allies?—the subsidies promised us, like water in conduit pipes, are cut off. To whom, sire, in your wide domains has possession fallen? Wherever we go a new one keeps house; and *he*, forsooth, will live independently: *we* must look quietly on. We have given away so many rights, that no right upon any thing remains for ourselves. Now-a-days, too, there is no reliance to be placed on parties, as they call them; *they* may blame or praise—their love and hate have become indifferent. The Ghibellines, like the Guelfs, have retired to rest themselves. Who will now aid his neighbour?—every one has enough to do for himself. The gold-gates are barred; every body scratches, and scrapes, and collects together, and our chests remain—empty.

Lord Steward. What misery must I, too, endure! every day we wish to save, and every day we spend more, and my troubles renew themselves daily. The cooks take care to want for nothing: wild boars, stags, hares, deer, turkies, fowls, geese and ducks—dues, sure rents—these all come in pretty regularly. Yet, after all, there is no wine. If *formerly* cask on cask of the best seasons and situations were piled up in the cellar, *now* the never-ceasing swilling of the noble lords swallows all up to the last drop. Even the town council must retail its stock; people snatch at goblets and cups, and the feasters lie under the table. Now I am to pay and reward all; the Jew will not spare me. He procures *anticipations*, which are consumed year by year before-hand. The swine do not fatten, even the pillow of the bed is pawned, and bread eaten in advance comes upon the table.

Emperor (after some reflection to Mephistophiles).

Say, dost thou, fool, not know of some trouble?

Mephistophiles. I, noways! To look round on the pomp, on you and yours! Is confidence wanting where majesty unsparingly commands? Where ready power overthrows hostility—where a good will, powerful through understanding, is at hand? Where such stars shine, what could join together for misfortune and darkness?

Murmur. That is a rogue—plays well his part: he works by lies, so long as they act. I know now what—there lies behind: and what is't more?—a project *then*.

Mephistophiles. Where on earth is there not some want? One wants this, another that; but here gold is needed. *That* cannot be picked up from the floor, indeed; yet even that which lies the deepest wisdom knows to procure. In mountain-veins, and in wall-foundations, gold, both coined and uncoined, is to be found; and if you ask me who can bring it to light?—the natural and spiritual power of endowed man.

Chancellor. *Nature and Spirit!*—that's not the way to talk to Christians. For this we burn Atheists; because such discourses are highly dangerous. Nature is Sin; spirit is Devil; and between them they foster Doubt, their mis-shapen hermaphrodite child. This is not our way. In our emperor's ancient lands only two races have arisen who worthily support his throne: these are the clergy and the knights; these stand against every storm, and take church and state as their reward: an opposition of reprobate men develops itself to the popular mind: they are the heretics and the wizards who destroy town and country. Such men you are now about to smuggle into this high circle with bold jokes: you cling to depraved hearts,—they are nearly related to the fool.

Mephistophiles. In this I recognise the learned man: what you do not touch, stands miles away from you; what you do not grasp, *that* you entirely miss; what you do not reckon you believe untrue; what you do not weigh has for you no weight; what you do not coin you think of no value.

Emperor. All this does not alleviate our needs;—what are you at with your Lent sermon? I am tired of the eternal how and when?—we want money;—well—do you get it for us.

Mephistophiles. I will get as much as you want, and even more. Easy is it, indeed; yet is the easy difficult. It is already there; yet how to get at it?—that is the skill: who knows how to do it? Just consider now, in those times of terror, when floods of men swamped countries and nations, how each one, however much it afflicted him, hid here and there all he held the dearest. So was it formerly in the times of the mighty Romans, and so on till yesterday; yea, even till to-day. All this lies buried in the ground: that is the Emperor's—he shall have it.

Treasurer. Not so badly said for a fool! That is indeed our ancient emperor's right.

Chancellor. Satan is laying golden snares for you;—all is not *right* here.

Lord Steward. If he only brings welcome gifts to us at court, I don't mind a little *wrong*.

Commander-in-Chief. The fool is clever, and promises what serves all; the soldier won't ask whence it comes.

Mephistophiles. If you believe yourselves deceived by me, here stands a man—here, ask the astrologer. In circle around circle, he knows both hour and house: tell us, then, how look the heavens?

Murmur. They are two rogues—one knows the other: phantast and fool,—so near the throne! 'Tis an oft-sung and ancient song—While the fool prompts, the wise one speaks.

Astrologer (speaks, Mephistophiles prompts).

The sun itself is pure gold, Mercury the messenger serves for favour and pay, the Lady Venus has betwitched you all, early and late she looks lovingly on you. The chaste moon has fantastic whims: though Mars strike not, yet his power threatens you, and Jupiter still remains the fairest star. Saturn is great, though to the eye distant and small; as metal we honour him not much; little is he in value, though heavy in

weight. Yes! if the moon join properly with the sun, gold with silver, then will there be a cheerful world; the rest is readily obtained—palaces, gardens, bosoms, red cheeks. The learned man, who can do what none of us can, will perform all.

Murmur. What's that to us? A thrice-told tale: calendery—and chemistry—I've heard it oft—and falsely hoped: and if it come—'tis but a show.

Mephistophiles. There stand they round astounded, and give no credence to the high discovery: one fables of kobolds, another of the black dog: what consequence is it if one witticizes, and another complains of witchery, if nevertheless his foot once is tickled,† if his sure step fails?† All of you feel the secret working of ever-swaying nature, and out of the lowest realms the living trace† presses upward. If there are cramps in all the limbs,† if you feel awe-stricken in a place,† immediately resolutely dig and hack: there lies the musician,† there the treasure.

Murmur. It lies in my foot, like a leaden weight; I have cramp in my arms, that is gout: I have itchings in my great toe, my whole back aches; according to such signs, here is the richest treasure-house.

Emperor. Only be quick, thou wilt not again escape; prove thy frothy lies, and immediately show us the noble spots. I will lay down sword and sceptre, and will with mine own high hands, if thou dost not lie, finish the work: if thou dost—send thee to hell.

Mephistophiles. The way there I can perhaps find, yet can I not sufficiently tell you what lies waiting every where unowned. The countryman ploughing the furrow throws up a pot of gold with the clod: another hopes to get saltpetre from a clay wall, and finds, frightened, yet glad, gold rouleaus in his poverty-stricken hand. What vaults are there to blow up! in what clefts and passages must he who is aware of a treasure, press to the neighbourhood of the world below. In distant well-concealed cellars he sees rows of golden goblets, dishes, and plates, set up for him. Ruby cups are there; and if he want to use them, ancient moisture lies near: yet, if you will trust him who knows, the wood of the casks has long rotted, and the tartar has made a cask for the wine. Not only gold and jewels, but the essences of the noblest wines veil themselves with night and horror. Here seeks the sage unweariedly: it is folly to recognize them by day: at night mysteries are at home.

Emperor. Those I leave to thee. What can that which is dark profit? if any thing is valuable it must come to light. Who can know the rogue in deep night? Then all cows are black, all cats grey. Draw your plough, and plough to light the pots of heavy gold.

Mephistophiles. Take spade and hoe, dig thyself, this peasant-labour will make thee great; and a herd of golden calves will be torn up from the soil. Then without delay, gladly canst thou adorn thyself, and wilt adorn thy mistress,—a glittering, coloured and shining stone adorns beauty as well as majesty.

Emperor. Quick, quick; how long will you delay?

† All the passages marked (†) contain allusions to the technicalities of treasure-digging.

Astrologer (as before).

Sire, moderate such pressing eagerness ! Let the beauteous, joyous play first pass by : a distracted mind will not lead us to the goal. We must first reconcile ourselves into composure, and deserve that which is below through that which is above. He who wants good, let him be good first ; he who wants joy, let him calm his blood ; he who wants wine, let him press ripe grapes ; he who wants wonders, let him strengthen his faith.

Emperor. So then let the time be spent in enjoyment, and, much-desired, Ash-Wednesday will arrive : meantime, whatever haps, let us the more merrily solemnize the joyous carnival. [*Trumpets, exeunt.*

Mephistophiles. It never occurs to the fools how merit and fortune are chained together : if they had the stone of the philosopher, they would not have the philosopher for the stone.

(*A spacious apartment, with side-chambers, adorned and prepared for a masquerade.*)

Herald. Think not that you are in the German domains of devil's, fool's, and dead men's dances ;—a cheerful feast awaits you. His Majesty, in his Italian campaigns, has, in order to profit himself and please you, passed over the lofty Alps, and won for himself a cheerful kingdom. The Emperor first begged the right to his power at the sacred feet ; and when he went to fetch the crown for *himself*, brought back also the cap for *us*. Now are we all born anew ; every man of the world pulls it comfortably over his head and ears ; it likens him to mad fools, and he is wise under it how he can. I see already how they mass themselves—how wavering they separate, and friendly pair off : band closes thickly with band. In and out unwearied ! The world, with her hundred thousand follies, remains still as before—a single great fool.

Garden-Girls (sing accompanied by mandolins).

'Tis to win your approbation
We have tricked ourselves to-night :
Young Florentine girls, we follow
The splendour of the German court.
In our dark-brown locks we carry
Many a flowery ornament :
Silken threads and silken tassels,
In its place each plays its part.
For we think it is a merit,
Praiseworthy and very right,
That our flowers with art should glitter,
Blooming sweetly all the year.
Every sort of coloured cuttings
Are in order fair arranged,
Though each separate slip you scoff at,
All together must attract.
Neat and fair we are to look on,
Garden-girls, and polished too,
For the natural in women
Is related near to art.

Herald. Let us see the well-filled baskets,
On your heads so lofty carried,
On your arms themselves displaying;
Every one choose what he pleases!
Hasten, that in walks and foliage
Gardens to the sight may open;
Worthy are they to encircle
Both your goods and you, the sellers.

Garden-Girls. In this bright place make your offers,
Do not higgie-haggle here,
But with words, short, intellectual,
What he has let each one know.

Olive-branch (with fruit).

No flower-blossoms do I envy,
And I hate all sorts of quarrel,
For my nature loves them not.
Yes! I am the country's marrow,
And (to pledge that still more surely)
Sign of peace to every land.
Now I hope 'twill be my fortune
On some fair one's head to glitter.

Golden Wheat-garland.

Gifts of Ceres to adorn you
Sweet and fair before you stand:
Now, let that which is most useful
Be your brightest ornament.

Fancy-wreath.

Varied gaudy flowers like mallows,—
Wondrous flowerage sprung from moss,—
This is not the wont of Nature,
But the fashion wills it so.

Fancy-nosegay.

To declare to you my titles
Theophrastus would not venture;
Yet I hope I may please some *one*,
Though perhaps not every lady,
To whom now myself I offer,
If she'll bind me in her tresses,—
If with speedy resolution
She'll admit me to her bosom.

Invitation.

Now may sweet and varied fancies,
As the fashion bids them, blossom,—
May strange wonders (as ne'er nature
Showed herself) be now unfolded;
Stems all green, and bells all golden
Look from out the well-filled tresses!
Yet we—

Rosebuds

—— hidden hold ourselves,—
 Happy he who finds us fresh :
 When summer's glance itself announces,
 Rosebuds then themselves enkindle.
 Who can spare such joy—such beauty ?
 First the promise—then performance
 Rule supreme in Flora's kingdoms,
 Over sight and thought and heart.

(The garden-girls arrange their wares under the green leafy walks.)

Gardener (song, accompanied by theorbes).

See the flowers gently budding,
 With their charms your heads adorning :—
 Fruits will never lead you straying ;
 Each one tasting may enjoy them.
 See how cherries, plums and peaches
 To you their dusk faces offer :
 Buy ! the eye decideth badly
 When opposed to tongue and palate.
 Come and eat of fruits the ripest,
 Come and eat with taste and pleasure :
 You may poetise on roses,
 But for apples you must bite them.
 Let us, pray you, let us join you
 In your rich and youthful bloom,
 Whilst a store on high we pile you
 Of our ripe fruit, neighbourly.
 'Midst the sweet and pleasant windings,
 In the leaf-adorn'd alcoves,
 Every thing you can discover—
 Leaves and blossoms, flowers and fruit.

(Amidst alternate song, accompanied by guitars and theorbes, both bands proceed to arrange their goods in terraces for sale.)

Mother and Daughter.

Mother. Maid, when first thou saw'st the light,
 With little cap I dressed thee :
 Then thy face so lovely was,
 And thy frame so tender.
 Then I thought of thee as spouse
 To the richest youth betrothed,
 Thought of thee as wife then.
 Now, alas ! full many a year
 Useless has flown o'er thee ;
 And the varied suitor throng
 Quickly has passed by thee.

Lightly didst thou dance with one,
Gave another a still touch
With thine elbows slily.

All the fêtes we thought of were
Vainly celebrated;
Forfeit games and blind man's buff*—
None would catch a lover.
Many a fool is loose to-day:
Open, dearest, spread thine arms,
Some one may be netted.

(Girls, playfellows, young and beautiful, throng together,—their confidential gossip becomes loud.)

(Fishermen and Birdcatchers with nets, fishing-lines, lured twigs, and other tackle, enter and mingle with the pretty girls. Alternate attempts to win, catch, escape, and hold fast, give opportunities to most agreeable dialogues.)

Woodcutters (enter roughly and rudely).

Room! room! make room here!
Room! room we want here.
We fell the tall trees
Which crashing fall down,
And when we bear them
Roughly we jostle.
To our praise do ye
Set forth this clearly,
That, if the rough ones
Had not existence,
How would the fine ones
Ever be found here,
Proud as they are now.
Of this be full certain,
You would be freezing
Were we not sweating.

Punch (clownish, almost silly).

You are the blockheads
Born with your backs bent;
We are the prudent
Who ne'er were burdened,
For our jackets,
Our caps and our patches,
Are easy to carry.
And, always idle,
Still 'tis our pleasure,
With feet clothed in slippers

* Having been unable to find the game exactly meant in the German by "Dritter Mann," literally "third man," I have rendered it, hap-hazard, (being of no great consequence) "Blind man's buff."

To run through the market,
 And midst the people
 Open mouthed standing
 Crow at each other.
 After such crowings,
 Through crowds and throngings
 Like the eel gliding,
 Together to frolick,
 United to riot.
 Whether you praise us,
 Whether you blame us,
 We nothing heed it.

Parasites (coaxing wistfully).

You gallant porters
 And your brave kinsmen,
 The charcoal burners,—
 You are our people ;
 For all sorts of bowin
 Affirmative nodding,
 Long-winded phrases,
 And double blowing
 Warming or cooling
 As each one feels it,
 What can it profit ?
 If, a great wonder,
 Down from the heavens
 The fire descended,
 Were there not faggots,
 Cart-loads of coals, too,
 To fan into glowing
 The hearth and the furnace ?
 There's roasting and boiling,
 There cooking and bubbling,
 And the true eater,
 The right good plate-licker—
 He smells the roast meat,
 Fish he forebodes, too ;
 These make him bold at
 The patron's table.

Drunkard (half seas over).

Every thing to-day shall please me
 For I feel so frank and free.
 Cheerful songs and freshening breezes
 I myself have just brought in.
 Therefore drink I! Drink ye! Drink ye!
 Clash your glasses! Clink ye! Clink ye!
 You behind there, come out here!
 Now, I think that's nicely done.

If my wife behind me screaming
Scoffed at this bright coloured coat,
And howe'er myself I prided,
Called me only a masqued block,
Still I'd drink on. Drink ye! Drink ye!
Clash your glasses! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Clash your glasses, you masqued blocks,
If they clink well, all is done.

Say not I am gone astraying,
I am where it pleases me:
If host and hostess won't give credit
Then the bar-maid must at last.
Still I'll drink on. Drink ye! Drink ye!
Drink, my comrades! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Each to t'other, so go on:—
Now, I think that's nicely done.

How and where I am contented,
May I, may I always be.
Let me lie here, where I'm lying,
For no longer can I stand.

Chorus. Brothers all, come, drink ye! Drink ye!
Toast again, friends! Clink ye! Clink ye!
Firmly sit on bench and chair,
He that falls— his work is done.—

Herald (announces different poets, poets of nature, court and chivalry singers, tender as well as enthusiastic. In the crowd of competitors of every kind, no one lets the other come to speech. One sneaks by with a few words).

Satirist. Do you know what would please me?
The poet, most of all things.
Could I only sing and utter
What nobody would hear me.

(The night and sepulchre-poets send apologies, inasmuch as they are occupied in an interesting conversation with a fresh arisen vampire, from which a new kind of poetry may perhaps be developed: the Herald is compelled to admit their excuse, and meanwhile calls on the Greek mythology, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charms).

The Graces.

Aglaiä. We with grace adorn your manners,
In your gifts that grace exhibit.

Hegemone. Show that grace in your receiving.
Pleasure crowns the wish accomplished.

Euphrosyne. In the bounds of these still ev'nings,
Truly graceful be your thanking.

The Fates.

Atropos. Me, of all the Fates the eldest,
Here to spin they have invited :
There is room for deep reflection
In these threads of life so tender.

That it might be soft and pliant,
Sorted I of flax the finest :
That it might be smooth and even
Will the cunning finger settle.

If you would in joy and dancings
Show yourselves too madly joyful,
Think upon this thread's thin limits ;
Then, beware ! It may be broken.

Clotho. Know, that during these last ages
It is mine the shears to bear,
For the conduct and proceeding
Of the old one did not please.

For of spinnings the most useless
Kept she most in light and day ;
And the thread of noblest promise
Cutting dashed she to the grave.

I, too, in my youthful practice
Made a slip a hundred times :
Now to keep myself in order,
In the sheath the shears I place.

Gladly therefore am I bridled,
Friendly on this place I look :
In these free and joyful seasons
Riot ever on and on.

Lachesis. To me, alone with reason gifted,
Keeping order was assigned.
I, though I am always lively,
Never have too hasty been.

Threads are coming, threads are reeled,
Each one in its path I guide,
None I suffer to pass over,
All must in the circle join.

Should I be but once mistaken,
I should tremble for the world ;
Hours are counted, years are measured,
And the hank the weaver takes.

Herald. You would not know those who are now approaching,
If you were e'er so learned in ancient writings :
To look on those who plan so much of evil,
Most welcome of all guests you sure would call them.

They are the furies (no one would believe us),
Pretty, well-shaped, and young in years, and friendly ;
Be friends with them, and you will soon discover
How very serpent-like such doves can injure.

They are malicious, yet in this, the season
When every fool is boasting of his failings,
They also do not want the fame of angels,
But call themselves the plagues of town and country.

Alecto. What help for you, for you will surely trust us,
For we are young, and fair, and flattering kittens ;
If any 'mongst you ladies have a sweetheart,
We will so long persuade him, so long coax him,
Until we dare, with face to face, to tell him,
That she he loves on *this* or *that* is winking,
That she is dull in head, and lame and crooked,
And, if to him betrothed, is good for nothing.
We also know how to torment the lady,
And say, some weeks ago, her love had spoken
Contemptuously of her to one more favoured,
And still, though reconciled, a grudge remaineth.

Megaera. That's but a joke ! for if they're once united,
I take it up, and always in all cases,
Their greatest joy through their caprice can poison,
Unequal's man, unequal are the hours ;
And no one ever grasped the wished-for firmly,
But that he foolish longed for something better,
From that the highest joy of which he wearied—
He flies the sun, and longs the frost to kindle.
With all these things, I know the way to manage,
And here I bring Asmodeüs, the faithful,
Unlucky things to strew in the right season,
And so destroy the human race by couples.

Tisiphone. 'Stead evil tongues, I mix and sharpen,
Poison—daggers,—for the traitor ;
Lov'st thou others ?—sooner—later,
Will destruction sure transfix thee.
All the sweetest of the moment
Must be turned to gall and poison ;
Here's no haggling—here no dealing,—
As he sinned, so must he pay it.
Let none here speak of forgiveness,
To the rocks I will complain me ;
Hark ! the echo answers, Vengeance !
He who changes,—he must perish.

Heralda. I pray you, move a little to the back-ground,
For what is coming is not of your kidney ;

You see that mountain there, that presses on,
 With coloured tapestries are his sides adorned,
 A head with serpent-trunk, and teeth gigantic,—
 Mysterious 'tis, yet I've the key to solve it.
 A tender lady sits upon his neck,
 And guides him onward with a beauteous staff;
 Another stands above sublimely grand,
 And throws a light that dazzles all too much :
 Beside her go in chains two noble ladies,
 The one is sad, the other glad to look on,
This would be free, *that* is, and feels it, too ;
 Let each one who she is declare.

Fear. Vapoury torches, lamps, and tapers,
 Through the feast perturbèd gleam ;
 'Midst all these deceitful faces,
 Fetters keep me fast, alas !
 Hence, away, unhallowed laughers !
 I suspect that faithless sneer.
 Every one of my opponents
 Presses on me hard to-night.
 Here a friend a foe becometh,
 Now I recognise his mask ;
 That one there desired to slay me,
 Now detected, creeps away.
 Willingly in each direction,
 Would I to the world escape,
 Yet from yonder threats destruction,
 Holding me 'twixt fear and night.

Hope. Hail ! all hail ! beloved sisters !
 Though to-day and yesterday ye
 Have been pleased in masquerading,
 Yet I've heard from all for certain,
 That ye will unmask to-morrow.
 And though we, by light of torches,
 Are not very well contented,
 In the cheerful day we shall be
 Ever as it best delights us ;
 Now alone, and now attended,
 Free through beauteous lands to wander,
 Rest and act as wills our pleasure ;
 And in life, by cares unruffled,
 Ne'er to fail, and still strive onward :
 Comforted as guests who 're welcome,
 We step in to every place :
 That which best is, we may surely,
 Somewhere, surely, we may find.

Prudence. Two the worst of man's opponents,
 Hope and fear, together fettered,

Keep I from the thronging people :—
Room there, room ! You're saved from danger !
Look, ye, how this live colossus,
Tower-laden, I am bringing ;
And he unfatigued is walking
Step by step on paths of steepness.
See, upon the lofty turret,
That fair goddess, with her rapid
And extended wings, for favour
Turn herself to every corner.
Round she casts a light and glory
On all sides about you shining :
Victory 's her appellation,—
Goddess she of every action.

*Zoilo-Thersites.**

Bah ! bah ! I'm just in time arrived.
I call you altogether bad.
Yet what I chose out for my goal
Is she above—Victoria ;
With that white pair of wings of her's
She thinks that she an eagle is,
And wheresoe'er she turn herself,
Nations and lands to her belong.
Wherever ought of great I hear,
It puts me in a mighty rage.
When high is low, and low is high,
And crooked is straight, and straight is crooked,
That—only that, can please me well—
So will I all things here on earth.

Herald. So then may this good staff's hard blow
Catch thee with haste, thou ragged hound—
There, bend and crouch thyself at once :
See how the double dwarfish shape
In a foul lump itself hath rolled ;
Yet wonder ! to an egg it turns,
Which puffs itself, and bursts in twain.
Now from it falls a birth of twins,
The adder and the hideous bat :
The one creeps onward in the dust,
The other, black, the ceiling seeks :
They hasten both outside to join ;—
I would not gladly be the third.

(To be continued in our next).

* From Zoilus and Thersites, the well-known Homeric character. Zoilus being the name of a snarling critic. *Vide* "Lempriere's Bibliotheca Classica."

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

A CRYPT is a sacred or secret place for the careful deposit of whatever should be hidden from the eye of the profane. The *Cryptic* is the hidden, the secret, the occult; and a *Cryptographer* is one who writes in secret characters. There is also a secret or enigmatical language of discourse which is called *Cryptology*. The term *Apo-crypha* is from the same root, and according to some writers, it characterised such books as were not deposited in, but removed ἀπὸ τῆς κρύπτῃς, from the *Crypt*, ark, chest, or other receptacle in which the sacred books were kept, though others derive the word from ἀποκρυφή, implying that the said books were concealed from the general body of readers, as not of recognized authority.

We shall use the word *Crypt* for that part of our magazine, which is devoted to the communications of correspondents, on all subjects, and particularly to such as shall propose philosophic or scientific questions for solution; or contain literary or other information with which our readers ought to be made acquainted. For the Hebrew *Crypt* or Ark, or whatever term may be proper to name the receptacle of the sacred books, contained only, notwithstanding its implied secrecy, the writings which were authoritatively circulated. The secret and the public were the same in the end—and this department of our Magazine, though sacred in a great measure to private and personal correspondence, will be open to the world and for the world's benefit! The *Cryptographer* of course understands secret characters, since he writes in them, and we shall doubtless be called upon to explain many an enigma, and it may be, shall, if only for amusement, deal a little, occasionally, in the *Cryptological* ourselves.

We shall also beg to reserve for this series, the notices of such books as we cannot conveniently review in our Library Colloquies, and the register of such miscellaneous varieties as may deserve attention. To this humbler purpose we devote the remainder of this present paper.

SCIENCE.

I.—BOTANY.

"The London Flora;" containing a concise description of the phœnogamous British plants, which grow spontaneously in the vicinity of the metropolis, with their localities; arranged in conformity to the natural system: also, a Linnæan arrangement of all the indigenous British species, to which is prefixed a comprehensive Introduction to the natural method, an account of Classification, and a sketch of Botanical Geography.—By ALEXANDER IRVINE, of Marischal College, Aberdeen, London—SMITH, ELDER & Co.

One of the senses in which the word *Crypt* is used refers us to subterranean cells or caves, especially under a church, for the interment of persons. It is sometimes used to describe a subterranean chapel or oratory and the grave of a martyr. All this is redolent of death and mortality—in Botany we have the word used in connection with birth and floral life. The *Cryptogam* is a plant whose stamen and pistils are not distinctly visible, and which is therefore so called as implicative of concealed marriage. Of this class are ferns, mosses, seaweeds, mushrooms, &c. We much value the work before us, for the assistance which it renders to the student in reducing the specific knowledge to method. At first the study of plants was confined to nomenclature, and so it long continued. Many ages, indeed, elapsed before it began to be considered in a philosophical view. Mr. IRVINE presents us with his own system, for which we only wish that we had room.

II. OPTICS.—The Microscope.

"Microscopic Illustrations of Living Objects, &c. &c." By Andrew PRITCHARD, 1838. 8vo. with Plates; 248pp.

The Microscope is to be ranked high among the scientific achievements of an age abounding in mechanical, in mental, and sublime discoveries. It is the very railway into and through, external nature's arcana; and its thoughtful employment brings man's mental powers into a closer connection with the primary law, and consequently

to a truer preception and enunciation of it. In Mr. Pritchard's hands the Microscope becomes an instrument for loosening another seal from Nature's book, and enables man to read at least a few lines deeper than he can by any other scientific instrumentality. The Optician leaves far behind him the mere mechanical manipulative Chemist, the Geologist, the Pneumatist, and most other investigating divisional scientific students. In what externally appears to be the pettiness of his science, lies hidden the very fact of his approximation to universality. As by the pen, the smallest of scientific instruments, man is enabled to express himself more or less successfully on all subjects, without rending or destroying them in themselves, however erroneous his own particular views may be; so the Optician, with his improved Microscope, is able to converse with nature, without violence to her most tender fabrics. While the mechanical philosopher operates with his material masses in solid, fluid, or gaseous form, and strikes the mind's eye with awe, by his conjunctive operations with nature, on a grand scale externally,—while the Chemist by his clever tests, his heat, and his cold, must, even in his most careful experiments, ravish all natural productions to fit them to his cups and his retorts,—the Microscopic observer is employed in watching not only the external results, but those all but primary motions of the living law which are hidden from vulgar eyes. To catch a glimpse of nature's vibrations, emanations, or circulatory motions in a manner which leaves these words no longer unmeaning parrot-like expressions, is truly to elevate the mind towards the central position whence ultimately we apprehend all science must be contemplated. Optical laws, even in their present state, without any such conscious intention on the operator's part, do in fact bring us to a less exoteric state than sciences which are more popular and vulgate. Connected with the grand Light-Law, which as a study is yet in its infancy, Optics have to develope large progressive strides *reflecting* powerfully on both intellectual and physical phenomena. By the junction of the two departments of colour on the one hand, and motion on the other, the investigator has before him a vast untrodden field, and ampliation of encouraging effort and of rewarded labor.

Mr. Pritchard in his "Introductory Remarks" forcibly yet modestly says:—

"Whilst the mind dwells with the highest admiration on the advances which are daily and hourly being made in the pursuits of science, we are recalled almost naturally to what is perhaps one of the most important considerations connected with this deeply interesting subject, namely how it is, that we are thus enabled to make discovery after discovery into the inexhaustible treasures of Nature, and by the help of what machinery it is that we are making this astonishing progress.

"To investigate the genius and faculties of the human mind, the *primum mobile* in devising all that is great and all that is valuable, would fall within the province of the profound metaphysician, rather than that of the practical man of science; but to elucidate the methods by which genius is aided in its high researches after truth, and in conducting those researches to their desired proficiency, although an occupation of a much humbler grade than the other, is one, nevertheless, that is by no means insignificant, or devoid of interest."

Certainly not; and we look confidently to a development of the Optical Law, physically, in concurrence with the Menti-optical Law, as at once the latter's result and its outward emblem. It is as impossible that mental light can be lawfully or consciously developed without evolving a truer theory for the physical phenomena, as that observations on the latter can be multiplied without a primary effect upon the mind. Though the greater power is by scientific men usually attributed to their works, a very moderate consideration will nevertheless show, as our author admits that the higher and antecedent science and work is purely mental.

In accordance with this view we anticipate a more general taste for such pursuits as have a charm for Mr. Pritchard and his fellow-students, which is inappreciable as well by the ordinary scientific as by the sensuous man. Then shall the extracts which follow these remarks have a higher claim with the public at large, than the gratification of curiosity or the filling an idle hour, as already they have with our readers.

On the straw-coloured Gnat, an aquatic insect not perceptible by the unassisted eye in consequence of its transparency and small size, the author observes (p. 54.)

"The transformation of this animal from the larva to the pupa is one of the most singular and wonderful changes that can be conceived; and, under the microscope, presents to the admirer of nature a most curious and interesting spectacle. Although the whole operation be under the immediate inspection of the observer, yet so com-

plete is the change, that its former organisation can scarcely be recognised in its new state of existence. If we now compare the different parts of the larva with the pupa, we remark a very striking change in the tail, which, in the previous state of being, was composed of twenty-two beautiful plumed branches; while, in the latter, it is converted into two fine membranous tissues, ramified with numerous vessels. This change appears the more remarkable, as not the slightest resemblance can be discovered between them, nor are the vestiges of the former tail readily found in the water. The partial disappearance of the shell-like or reniform bodies is another curious circumstance. The lower two, it may be conjectured, go to form the new tail; for, if the number of joints be counted from the head, the new tail will be found appended to that joint which was nearest to them in the larva state. The two small horns which form the white plumed antennæ of this species of Gnat, when in its perfect state, are discernible in the larva, folded up under the skin near the head. The alimentary canal appears nearly to vanish in the pupa, as in that state there is no necessity for it, the insect then entirely abstaining from food; while, near this canal, the two intertwined vessels, seen in the larva, have now become more distinct, and are supplied with several anastomosing branches.

"At a later stage, the rudiments of the leg of the perfect insect are folded within the part which appears to be the head of the pupa. It may be necessary to observe, that the head of the pupa floats just under the surface of the water; and the insect, in this state, is nearly *upright* in that fluid; while the larva swims with its body in a *horizontal* position, or rests on its belly or sides, at the bottom of the pond or vessel in which it is kept; the fringed tail being downwards.

"The circuitous manner in which the Creator appears to produce this species of Gnat, and many other of His smaller creatures, is truly wonderful. Other beings are produced directly, either from the egg or the maternal womb; as, however, the Deity does nothing in vain, it may be presumed that He must have had in view some important object in the preliminary steps through which these beings have to pass—from the *egg* to the *larva*, *chrysalis*, and *perfect insect*; and however low these minutiae of nature may be held in the estimation of the unthinking part of mankind, his most elaborate proceeding renders it not improbable that they may be deemed by Him choice and exquisite productions. These mysterious operations of nature, as detected and unravelled by microscopes, are surely grand and capital subjects for observation. I should pity the man who scorned to be amused by inspecting these MARVELOUS METAMORPHOSES, and disdained to be informed of the manner in which they are effected."

III. MECHANIC INVENTION.—*The Soniferon.*

Samuel Wesley, the celebrated musician and organist, was as deaf as a post. Loss of hearing is a very serious calamity to any one; but it must be particularly so in the case of an organist who has to attend to the musical service of a Church. Had Wesley known before his death, of the existence of the *Soniferon*, he would not only have made it his perpetual companion in the organ loft, but most undoubtedly have placed the invention upon a level with the immortal fugues of Sebastian Bach, which were to him the *Alpha* and *Omega* of existence. The *Soniferon*, as an instrument for the assistance of the deaf, is the most valuable result which mechanical skill and scientific observation have yet produced. In its construction, the inventor has judiciously imitated the actual formation of the human ear, by introducing a convoluted pipe in the body of the instrument, through the spiral passages of which the sounds rush as through a shell. These are finally concentrated into a tapered tube which conducts them to the ear, by which means the "tympanum" and auditory nerve are forcibly acted upon, and *hearing* is produced. The *Soniferon* is constructed upon acknowledged acoustic principles, and is a capital specimen of what may be done towards remedying or alleviating a defect of nature by copying nature herself. Upon a pillar such as is used for table lamps, a hollow metal cone is horizontally placed, on which it revolves for the convenience of turning the open part towards the person of the speaker. The smaller end of this cone or drum is closed, the larger end being covered with a perforated plate, through which the sound enters; and the interior is fitted up something after the manner of a shell of the *Nautilus*, with spiral chambers, from which the concentrated sound is propelled into the before mentioned tapered tube, which finally conducts it to the ear. The effects produced by the *Soniferon* are astonishing. Persons who had

never heard a sound have been suddenly startled by a single word transmitted in the common tone of voice of the speaker. Some, who had lost their hearing by disease, age, or other causes, have had it completely restored to them by this acoustic phenomenon. We ourselves were witnesses of an experiment tried upon a boy who had never heard a sound in his life, wherein the effect was electrical. The start, surprise, and even terror, which he exhibited at the newly awakened sense, were incontrovertible evidences of the vast power of the instrument. The scientific world is indebted to Dr. Scott for this valuable invention which offers not only a new field for critical and mechanical examination, but a grand stimulus to that particular section of inventive genius which has the alleviation of personal suffering for its praiseworthy object. The deaf are under obligations to the same gentleman for many other valuable auxiliaries, minor in importance only to the one in question.

FINE ARTS.

I. SCULPTURE.

Outlines of celebrated Works from the best Masters of ancient and modern Sculpture. Numbers 1—6, published by Charles Murton.

An excellent design well accomplished. When the work is further advanced, we shall treat of the subjects at large. At present we remark only, that the Numbers before us contain the Farnese Hercules;—the Laocoon;—Museo Borbonico's Venus and Cupid;—Canova's Graces—Venus and Adonis—Hector—Venus Victorious—Magdalen—Hebe—Hercules and Lichas—and Infant St. John;—Westmacott's Cupid;—Baily's Eve at the Fountain;—Bacon's Narcissus;—Thorwaldsen's Hebe; with Flaxman's Mercury and Pandora—and Resignation.

II. PORTRAITURE.

Ryall's Portraits of eminent Conservatives and Statesmen. No. 10.

The present number of this splendid work contains Francis Lord Ashburton—John Wilson Croker—and Sir F. Pollock. The first and second are by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Artlett, and Mr. W. Finden. The third is from Phillips by Robinson, and no less excellently executed.

III. ARCHITECTURE.

The Churches of London—By George Godwin, junr. F.S.A. Associate of the Institute of British Architects, assisted by John Britton, Esq. F. S. A. No. 24.—C. Tilt. This work continues to deserve attention.

IV. CARICATURE.

Heads of the People, taken off, by Quizfizz.—No. 2. Tyas.

Very cleanly and cleverly decapitated.

The Comic Almanack for 1839. An Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, containing "all things fitting for such a work." By Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. Illustrated by George Cruikshank, London: Charles Tilt.

This is a capital publication to drive away the blue devils. It fully supports the character of its predecessors. The illustrations are in Cruikshank's very best style. The tale of Bob Stubbs, also is capital, but we cannot stay to particularise, when every thing is equally good.

Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year, No. 11, completely keeps up the character of its predecessors.

LAW.

I. PRACTICE.

The Legal Guide. Weekly Periodical. Richards & Co, Fleet-street.

Admitting the justice of the editor's remarks in the preface to this work;—"We live in an age in which it is with some difficulty, that a practitioner can understand what the law really is upon any subject; so great and varied are the constant changes."

—and again that—"the student is placed in even a more distressing situation; he commences his career and studies one set of laws, and ends his clerkship under another set, consequently as ignorant of the laws as he began;"—we consider an attempt to lessen the mischiefs consequent on those evils highly commendable; and should the cherished expectations be realised of ultimately "remedying" them, great service will be rendered to society generally. The number of legal periodicals now in circulation speaks much in favour of the growing intelligence of legal students. The new race of lawyers will present very different aspects from what the old exhibited. As a liberal profession nothing can tend more to liberalise it than such publications as these, which bring daily to the office door, the knowledge daily required within and without it; thus abridging labour, and giving time for higher studies.

The Scarlet Fathers. The Church and the Widow; an exposure of the case of Mary Anne Woolfrey, exhibiting the mischievous and intolerant nature of Ecclesiastical Courts, with Observations on other Scandals in the Established Church. By an Officer of the Crown: London. Southgate, Strand, 1838.

THIS is a spirited pamphlet on a topic on which we have already treated at full in the present number. It is well written and well argued, though on the antagonist ground which we mean to avoid on all subjects. It adduces facts, showing the practice in many instances of the Established Church to be in favour of the widow's cause, and produces many epitaphs of a similar tendency to hers, yet extant in Cathedrals, churches, and burial grounds. The decision of the Arches' Court must be gratifying to every true Christian.

II. INSANITY.

A Letter to the Right Honourable the Lord Chancellor, on the Present State of the Law of Lunacy; with Suggestions for its Amendment. By a Barrister of the Inner Temple. London: William Crofts, 19, Chancery Lane. 1838.

THE author before us asserts that, until insanity be better defined by the English law than at present it is, justice requires a more solemn enquiry to be made, and some more constitutional tribunal to decide whether an individual ought to be kept in confinement, and deprived of his liberty, merely because his understanding is partially disturbed, his affections deadened, his attachments warped, or his feelings become changed. And in corroboration of these opinions, the writer states the recent case of Mr. Paternoster; in which, however, the jealousy of the law vindicated its sufficiency. We have no power, truly, to prevent wrong; but we have, it would seem, in this particular, enough to remedy it when done. But the subject is one surrounded with difficulties. It may be that individuality is madness; and it then becomes a moot point for the law to decide, of what degree of aberration from the general standard, or of difference between man and man, it shall take cognizance.

Dr. Mayo distinguishes insanity into moral and mental. Every dereliction, however slight, from the line of rectitude, is a sign of the former. Wickedness is madness. This is the doctrine of the Scriptures, which make no difference between the fool and the knave; and daily experience testifies still that one involves the other. Some writers are of opinion that *all* madness has a *moral* source. Madness, says Coleridge, is not simply a bodily disease. "It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist—it does resist—for a long time: but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad for ever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. Bishop Butler said, that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment."

This is the most important *phase* of the disputed matter. In regard to the intellectual aspect of it, if we concede the definition that "when a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad,"—how many of us are there who unconsciously do this! More than would be at first imagined,—if, indeed, the number stop short of all mankind. The whole of Berkeley's theory is framed on the converse of this hypothesis,—namely, that persons and things are only our thoughts,

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which all men constantly mistake for something else. This would dispose of humanity at one fell swoop, and leave us no room to wonder that moralists are sometimes led to contemplate the world as a bedlam.

"Talk with a stormy sky, man! Prone to deem
That nothing is, because of thine own dream."

Aberrations from the moral and intellectual standard take the form of all the relative powers and faculties, and differ in their modes and names accordingly. Of these we shall probably give, ere long, a proper analysis. The pamphlet before us deals with the question only in its relations to the liberty of the subject, and proposes, instead of the power being vested, as it now is, in the hands of any two physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries, that no person whomsoever should be confined in any madhouse, lunatic hospital, or licensed asylum, until an inquest of twelve men had first determined upon the fact, whether the individual was sane or not. It would then become a matter of proof, to be supported as well by the evidence of medical men, as also by that of the friends of the unfortunate sufferer (the latter being frequently, from their connection, the better judges, whether the subject of enquiry ought to be under any actual restraint). Counsel, if required, on either side, should be permitted to attend; and the supposed lunatic, if not in a dangerous state, should always appear before the inquest. If, however, it would be imprudent to produce the lunatic, from any ill consequence which might attend the violence of the malady, it ought then to be compulsory on two medical men, or one medical man and two other persons, to testify such facts upon oath.

"This trial by JURY," continues the writer, "might be very easily carried into effect throughout the country, by constituting as judge upon every such enquiry, the coroner of the county, division, or jurisdiction, within which the lunatic might happen to reside, or to have been taken charge of by the parish officer. The coroner to be paid in like manner as he now is, upon other inquests which he holds. In the metropolitan districts, where the vast proportion of lunacy cases arise, an officer, appointed by your Lordship, might occupy, in this respect, the place of coroner upon such occasions; and he should also be invested with the same power as the coroner now possesses, in compelling the attendance of jurymen, &c. Upon the record of a verdict of "Insanity," it would then be competent to the constable, parish officer, or a relative, with such a warrant, to take charge of the lunatic, and place him under keepers, until such a time as his sanity was restored."

TRANSLATIONS.

GERMAN WORKS.

Original Maxims for the Young, by the celebrated J. C. LAVATER. Translated by the daughter of a Clergyman. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

We need not say much upon this little book; LAVATER's name is its sufficient passport. It consists of thirty-four short pithy maxims for the regulation of the younger portion of the community, besides thirty-six sentences which contain miscellaneous instructions on many topics. We cannot enough recommend this unpretending volume to those who have charge of the rising generation. It is calculated to promote correct principles in the mind of youth—and to produce in after life excellent members of society.

A Key to the Difficulties, Philological and Historical, of the First Book of SCHILLER's Thirty Years' War, forming a guide to German construing, for the use of English Students, by ADOLPHUS BERNAYS, Phil. Doc. &c. &c. London B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

Dr. BERNAYS is so well known by his German Grammars, &c.—and his merits have been so generally appreciated, that any commendation, on our part, of his numerous labours would be useless. In the work before us, he has undertaken the task of smoothing the perplexing difficulties which English students of German encounter in SCHILLER's Thirty Years' war, especially with regard to the first book. Need we add, that he has fully succeeded! The name of Dr. BERNAYS appearing in the title-page is sufficient to place that beyond all doubt.

1. Relics of Elijah the Tishbite; being a selection of the most striking passages omitted in the existing translation. Translated from the original work of D. F. W. KRUMMACHER, London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

2. Jacob Wrestling with the Angel. By the Rev. G. D. KRUMMACHER, Author of "Israel's Wanderings in the Wilderness." Translated from the German. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.
3. On Restitution;—Lot and his Wife; The Rich Man; Christian Composure. By the Rev. FRIEDRICH STRAUSS, D. D. Chaplain to the King of Prussia, &c. &c. Translated from the German, by Miss SLEE. London. B. WERTHEIM.—1838.

THESE writers are very well in their way; but nevertheless they do not exactly belong to that school of German literature which we should like to see introduced into this country. The stern Briton-mind requires higher food than that which they afford. We wish to soar beyond the clouds, while they are scarcely able to reach mid-air; yet are their wings strong, and we may safely trust ourselves to them as far as they go; but then that is only half of the distance. This section of our work is not, however, a fitting place to enter into the opinions which we have conceived on all these subjects. Other articles in this magazine will be devoted to the explanation of those exalted principles which we have announced in our "New Year's Greeting." Wait, reader, for these.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches of Judaism and the Jews. By the Rev. ALEXANDER M'CAUL, D. D. Of Trinity College, Dublin. London. B. Wertheim.—1838.

These sketches (excepting some additions which seemed necessary to their publication in a separate form) originally appeared as articles in the British Magazine, at various times, between 1834 and 1838. They form a most interesting fasciculus of papers upon the different Jewish sects, manners, &c. &c. The first section, upon the "Intellectual state of the Rabbinical Jews," contains much that would well repay the perusal. The account, in the second section, of a fanatical Jewish sect called the Chasidim, is entertaining in the extreme. Not that their tenets are always *wrong*, but, because the professors are always extravagant, and often ridiculous. Their devotion to their Rabbi or Tzaddek, completely outdoes all that was ever said about the Roman Catholics' submission to their Father Confessors; and they at least go as far in ascribing infallibility to this said Rabbi, as ever the Romanists went in claiming it for the Pope. Take the following extract:—

"The most important of all principles is unreserved devotion to the Tzaddek; never to turn aside from his precepts; to reject wisdom and science, yea, one's own understanding, and to receive only what the Tzaddek says. Even when one thinks that the Tzaddek is acting contrary to the law, he is still to believe that the Tzaddek is in the right; he must therefore reject his own understanding, and rest confidently on that of the Rabbi." What could go beyond all this? On the whole, we think Mr. M'CAUL's book a valuable addition to the library.

The Cathedral Bell; a Tragedy in five acts. By JACOB JONES, &c. &c.

There was a country in ancient Greece called Bœotia, and since many other names—Mr. Jones is an owl of that region. If Vulcan were to forge dramas, they would be such as this author's. They seem written with a sledgehammer. Nib your pen, Mr. Jones:—your calligraphy is coarse—not strong.

The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings. By Barry Cornwall. Moxon.

THIS is like all Mr. Moxon's books, worthy of the publisher. Barry Cornwall's life of glorious old Ben is in a more amiable, and yet more discriminating spirit, than Gifford's; and we like it the better. This great poet has been too much neglected; and it is a disgrace to the British stage that his plays are not more frequently performed. The man was a perfect artist in his way. We are persuaded that the revival of his *Catiline* and *Sejanus* would be safe speculations for Macready.

In his new biographer's opinion, Jonson stands second to Shakspeare. He was more original than any other theatrical writer of the age. But he had his defects, and was not superior in judgement to Shakspeare. O no! That and genius are always on a par. Jonson's great strength lay in satire, and in his power of depicting manners. His weakness was in drawing too much on the conventional and the temporary. He was an *experimental* poet; and, like the *experimental* philosopher, trusted not sufficiently to principles. In what he designed, however, he fully succeeded: to describe manners, to embody humours, and to brand vice and folly with a scathing iron. His lyric powers were exquisite.